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FAITHFUL TILL DEATH.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Dandelion, Dandelion, comely and bright,
What whispered the bee, as he kissed it so light?
"He came for a kiss of my bright yellow hair,
To speed him safely through the soft summer air."

Dandelion, Dandelion, will he be true—
Other flowers are fairer, and bees love to woo?
"He promised, I trusted—will man turn for aye?
He will come, kind and faithful, again to-day."

He bathed every day in the honey May-dew,
That her face might be fair to him, kind and true.

And, he came not. The summer grew old,
And trembled to hear fell the locks that were gold.

To school children passing would stop by the way
To play the waiting day growing to gray;

And even the bashful, frivolous one,
Told this flow'r how the Dandelion's day was done.

Then the flow'r told the Lily, and she spoke the tale
To the drooping Azalea, that swung o'er the vale;

And she dropped a note to the clover below,
Saying, "During the honey-bee this ought to know."

He was held in truth where hardy-head was white,
Hanging up honey combs from morning till night.

Yet false to his love, only thinking each day
He would come from his labors and home again stay.

Now, when from the Clover he heard it at last,
His debts discharged the summer had passed,

And left all unguided the blossom wealth there,
Speeding on a bright message the bonnie-face to cheer.

Dandelion, Dandelion, where is your faith?
Your locks, they are white for the denial of death?

Here I am like the flocks of the wind-driven seed,
Yet heard not the note of the honey-bee's hum.

And sad, for and sweet speech nor has birds to tell,
Saying, "Love, you have trusted that even he shall.

Then scoffing shall on the swell-rising breeze
Wake the wild-flowers flower-soul, up to the trees—

Oh, say is he sunshine, the stars and the heavens,
Who but requires shame from more coming.

NORWOOD;

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HENRY WARD BEECHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XV.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

After a day of so much excitement the two girls would scarcely be held from sleep by the violence of the storm. Only at one or two intermediate times did the thunder of the heavens break their slumber and listen to the sweeping wind, which rattled every window, moaned in the chimney, and shook the whole house. Then suddenly the tumult would cease. Not a drop of rain would fall. Not a leaf seemed to move, nor a puff of wind to blow. Just as suddenly would the rain again pour in torrents, only abruptly to cease, as if a wave had been shot, and the supply instantly cut off.

Nor did the light that fell upon their faces, as Aunt Rachel came for her last care before retiring, disturb an eyelid. The darkness and the light are alike to those whom God translates into the serene world of sleep. Strange world! in which we dwell in unconsciousness a quarter part of all our lives! In four more years then so long, that from it must be subtracted a full fourth part!

To one of Rachel's peculiar habit of mind the mysteriousness of sleep is always solemn and oppressive. Whence in their spirits wander? Toward along the dark continent, through what influences do they go? What guardian spirits convey them? Or what spiteful sprites would waylay them? And they were dead always? Why be just as now they do? Rachel shuddered as she tucked them in, and put back a raven lock of hair that had escaped from Alice's cap.

Thus it is that change in a farmer's wife should deeply ponder questions which have tasked the strongest thinkers. Careful thinking may demand careful culture. But it is nature that gives the impulse to thinking, and it is reformed on many who never train their faculties with the help of books. Now and then, and in New England often, are to be found plain and unsophisticated people, whose consciousness finds dead habitually with the profoundest questions which man can ponder. The very intensity of religious conviction—at once the cause of so much that is good, and the occasion of so much ill-repute—leads, at length, to tread among the common people as specimens for deep moral problems.

But Rachel never sought such subjects. They came to her, and came largely through her feelings and her imagination. She was scarcely conscious of her own agency in pondering the thoughts—half-formed suggestions of the infinite—which seemed to overshadow her. She was scarred at the impression that seemed to fall upon her,—but as birds, singing in a thicket, if the shadow of a hawk sailing in the air pass by, hush their notes and nestle close. Many have marvelled at the mystery of human life, its irregularities, its inequalities, its incongruities, its contradictory elements, its inexplicableness. These were not Rachel's peculiar thoughts. Life seemed an even, level voyage along the edge of a great open world, out of which, it seemed to her, mysteriously would come some infinite truth, some revelation. These were not thoughts, but vague feelings.

Nor did Rachel's tenderness unconcern among common people. There are many fine natures hidden under coarse forms. Powerful impressions are produced on many who cannot receive them into ideas, and still less fashion them to words. Along the factory, by the work-bench, in the counter, or in the kitchen, have been hidden quietly sleeping the unknown with as solemn an earnestness as the scholar who writes hopes to prove how little man can know of the Unknowable.

Of all that have cast fine or not into that sea, whose the less mysterious? and whose will be best broken with its draught of fishes?

But this evening, as if stirred by the excitement of the night and the storm, Rachel seemed to gaze upon Alice as one who sees his child afar off. What is before her? Is her life already ending while its face, as fairest, promises sure its bud? Do men come to the world as a child? Is this child like a dove's thread, whose quick, differently moving nerves and blood is only awaiting form a prepared body? And what is the pattern? Who knows? And what will be the wearing? Who knows? Can any one judge it? or help it? What if he—it it deceased?—will my darling's child so inevitably as a vessel, which in a rose bush's an apple seed into an apple tree? Must I accept, as one would an issue a staff, and let it drift out into the wide ocean? It may founder or stand upon a derelict island, or monsters may assail it, or rough men, seeing it broken on the sea, snatch up its little voyager into some ship of foreign tongue, on rude and barbarous coasts. Rachel shuddered. Not that Alice was gone out of her arms, and that dull aching which came from the world's decay, and of pilgrimage—from the habit of solitary thought, had its piking after truth. Rachel had that day

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upon the rock, and when she had done she reached her hand and took the stem low down and broke it off. Then Clara sprang up from her chair by the window, and there stood her mother, saying:

"My dear daughter, you should not fall asleep by an open window, not even in summer, my child. How damp you are! Come, hasten to bed."

It was many days before Clara could persuade herself that she had only dreamed it. How many months before she told the dream to her mother, and when she did, her mother said:

"Ah, Clara, would that all girls might dream, if only it made them as good in your dream as you are now!"

The doctor seemed quite interested in his own story, and said often he could not find the good impression might settle in the girls' minds. Clara was steadfast to attention to the end; but further, and now Rose nodding in a gravely luminous way to Alice, as if she meant to say:

"I know. Also, that you will take this lesson to heart, and never be naughty again."

Ah, rogue Rose!" said the doctor. "Is that the way you pay for my trouble? You shall—"

Rose, without waiting for the whole sentence, darted off, and in an instant the doctor was in full chase, while Alice, hesitant, followed in the distance, and laughing, and quite unaware that some harm should come to Rose. Harm did come. She was, after infinite turnings and circumlocutions, so assisted at her father's misstep in rushing upon a concierge, when he thought he was seized for, that her strength dissolved in laughter. She was caught, and her hands tied with honeysuckle vines, and her neck was bound with flowers, and so she was carried away, and there, smothered with sweets, to be punished after the grand tree. There it fairly pronounced the sentence, that for irreverence and rebellion she would be doomed to hear another story, which he called

Coming and Going.

"Once came to our Saida a pair of birds that had been built a nest, not seen a while, but how beautiful was everything! The fields were full of flowers, the trees were full of leaves, and the birds were humming everywhere. Then one of the birds fell to singing, and the other bird said, 'See how you to sing!' and the bird answer: 'The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the winds and waters told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing.' Then its mate answered: 'When did I tell you to sing?' And he said: 'Every time you brought to kinder grass for its nest, every time you your soft wings fluttered off again for hair and feathers for the nest.' Then the mate said: 'What are you singing about?' And he answered: 'I am singing about everything.' And nothing. It is because I am so happy that I am singing.

"By-and-by five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and its mate said: 'It is time you were at all the world as pretty as my eggs?' Then they both looked down on some pretty eggs that were passing by, and pitied them because they were not lining, and had no nests with eggs in them. Then the father-bird sang a melancholy song because he pitied them that had no nests, and had to live in houses.

"In a week or two, one day when the father-bird came home, the mother-bird said: 'Oh, what do you think has happened?' And he said: 'One of my eggs has been peeping and moaning?' Presently another egg was moaning, her feathers, and then another, and another, and the little birds were here!

Now the father-bird sang longer and louder than ever, and the mother-bird sang, and they sang, till she had no more time, and she flew home her song into words. So hungry were the little birds, and so fast both parents flew feeding them. Away each one flew. The moment the little birds heard their wings humming, and seeing the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open so wide, that nothing could be wider than the yellow mouths!

"'Can anybody be happier?' said the father-bird to the mother-bird.

"'Nobody in the world,' she said. We will live in this tree always, for there is no earthly home like a tree that always bears joy.'

"The very next day one of the birds dropped out of the nest, and a cat ate it up in a minute, and only four remained; and the worst cat-times were very sad, and there was no song all that day nor the next. Soon the little birds grew from big enough to fly, and great was their pasture joy to see their trees the nest and all dropping up upon the branches. There was then a great time! One would have thought the whole of the birds were French dancing-masters,—taking and chattering, and soothing the little ones to make them go alone. The first bird that tried flew from one branch to another, and the rest were praised him, and the other little birds were covered how he did! And he was so out of it that he tried again, and flew and flew, and couldn't stop flying, till he fell plump down by the house-door; and then a little way caught him and carried him up into the house,—and then the birds were little, then the old birds thought that they were going to have to teach their young to fly all over again.

"In a little time the other birds had learned to use their wings, and they flew away and sang, and found their own food and made their own nests, and had their young ones, and were very happy.

"Then the old birds sat silent, and looked at each other a long while.

"At last, the wife-bird said:

"'Why don't you sing?'

"And he answered:

"'I can't sing.—I can only think, and think.'

"'What are you thinking of?'

"'I am thinking how every thing changes,—the leaves are falling down from the trees, and soon there will be no roof over our heads.'

"'The snow will spring, if you sing,' she said; there was a frost; almost all the birds are flown away, and it is very lonesome. Sometimes I sing to me, and I feel restless as if I would fly far away.'

"'Let us fly away together!'

"They were silent silently and, lifting themselves far up in the air, they looked to the north,—for away that way the snow comes from,—they looked to the south,—there they saw green leaves, and bright fire, and all light they saw and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter,—where they saw flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.

"But they knew that sleepy heads must have days shorter, the nights longer, and the weather colder. Many of them died of cold, and others crept into crevices, and holes, and lay buried. Then it was cold; it was better to go back to stay.

Rose was going on seven years old. Never did girl give less cause of anxiety. Never did girl satisfy more entirely in a mother's heart than did Rose to Agnes Russell's. Why should it be? Was Rose healthy? Was she not a perfect specimen? Of good parentage, with careful training, with every advantage that wealth could procure, went possible reason and logic for her anxiousness and anxieties?

There are many people who seem to regard anxiety as a religious duty. They seem to think that no state of mind is substantial which is not inflamed with woes.

If Agnes Russell expected to pass her life in Dr. Wentworth's family, to be Mrs. Wentworth's confidential companion, and to divide with her the care of the household, and to bestow every faculty of mind, soul and body on the children,—for Rose was not a solitary flower, but only the first bud that blossomed,—why should she not be anxious, and inflict upon herself all that unnecessary pain that is usually borne by unthinking people? Why should she not imagine evils that never will happen, and suffer from self-created woes things done that might have been better done? Why not, in discouragement, and imagine that the doctor would certainly spoil the children? or that the governess would certainly spoil the children? or that somebody would certainly spoil the children? What is angels do with unnecessary anxieties. What deeds of needless prayers are daily flocked upward which never should have gone!

But it is not just to imagine that Agnes had no other reason for sentiment of mind than this vague anxiety. She was a Christian not only in name, but in deed. She was a member of the communion of Dr. Bassil. Until Rose was confided to her care, she had no affection in her life that had been taught by natural excellence, amiable disposition, and consequent peace. Then she had been taught by love, and by sympathy, that perpetual danger which overhangs every child of Adam and Eve, to become a Christian. Many hold them views, but few believe them. Agnes was among the few who believed. What to her was the body, its health and happiness, compared with the soul? What was it to her that Rose was lovely, gentle, and obedient, if in the love and obedience of the flesh only? Rose ceased, there was that fatal taint, left on all the first parents' posterity. Rose died, nearly any while one day would flame out against her Maker.

This it was that made Rose a perpetual burden to Agnes' mind, and that laid on every page written with tears and drawn out prayers without ceasing.

"Rose, my dear child, what good can it do you to love so much? Why, you are like the clouds and seasons, the forests and fields, if you do not love God with your whole heart."

Rose looked Agnes full in the face, but ere she spoke—

"You know, my child," said Agnes, "that to make love to God is to obey Him. Have you obeyed Him, my child, to-day? Your soul cannot be saved, Rose, by any thing but the most perfect obedience to God's holy will."

Agnes paused, for Rose walked to her side, looked up in her face, and spoke with great spirit:

"Agnes, I do love the Saviour. I think of him as I love to love my self. I love him, and I know that there is nothing made that Jesus did not make."

A new anxiety now took possession of Agnes. Rose was in love with Jesus, and was it not blessed? If so, then she was guilty of that offense in the sight of God which the Saviour declared no sooner words were pronounced. On the other hand, Rose was but young creature, as yet subject to engaging, be scared and deceived? Was she not liable to be deceived by some false spirit who should appear in Christ's name? Were there some false things that Rose might love, and so be lost? Agnes had often heard of good people who said that if a man don't know the times and seasons of his conversion, he has not been converted, nor anybody.

Ah, do you suppose a work of God was ever laid in the soul, and the person not know that it was begun?

"I tell you what, Agnes, if it's the Lord that converts men, it's the Lord that tells them. Such talks will be apt to know it too! Men are natural fools, but they're not supernatural fools. They first shaken 'em empty, and then fills 'em up with precious things. The Lord is the one that makes that if the Lord is shaken's man inside out he'll know it.

"But, Mrs. Marble, may not the Lord in his Sovereignty choose to work in a way that will not be known by the world?"

"Agnes, I always say that it's best to be on the safe side. You can't be too sure. If you are with your evidences, 'cause if they are bad you can't make 'em good by shoving and pushing, and will be apt to find it out. People now-a-days git to be awful smart. I was talking with Deacon Bell about two months. I was notably strives with him to get him to be sure and not be deceived. He's asleep too easy, I say. They don't bear any yoke, and they don't look any burden, and they take most mistakes light, and scarcely never so easy they don't know it. Now, Agnes, I'm afraid you're asleep too easy, and that you don't know any more than to say that they didn't have they had it."

Agnes looked at Rose, and then looked up to Agnes, "when pause how children turn out don't let brought up in such a neighborhood their children, let them do pretty much as they please, and get they grow up wicked, and then they send 'em into the church, and do well all their lives; then again, others are brought up in the nurture of the Lord, and watched in every particular, and yet the moment they come to years of their own, the world and grow as wicked as if nothing had been done for them. Now, Agnes, what do you say to me?"

"I suppose," said Aunt Polly Marble, pushing her spectacles a little closer to her eyes, and looking at her self, "I suppose that Agnes thinks that, 'cause is no mystery about it. Its all plain as the nose on her face."

Agnes seemed troubled in countenance, and said:

"I wish I knew more about the doctrine. If Rose can not tell me who was elected, or who is to carry. And if a man was not elected, there would be no use in speaking to him on the text. Working for men that are not among the elect, is like trying to thresh out wheat to spread in your beetle; a good deal of work and nothing to show for it."

"It's a precious doctrine though, even if you don't understand it, Agnes," said Mrs. Marble. "The Lord does, and it doesn't become us to be too wise."

"But I am afraid, Mrs. Marble, that I am finding anxious about her own children. If anybody knows about it, I do. Why, I have had that child! If she was my own flesh and blood, I could not love her more."

"Don't you think her father might do a little more than he does?" said Aunt Polly Marble, judge. But he seems to me to walk in a pretty straight path. I don't see how a man could be more likely to grow in the narrow way."

"He is the best owner, and thinks he's right. He reads the Bible a good deal, and wants Rose to do so. But he gets so many things in his head that you can't find in the Bible, that I don't know what'll become of Rose. She shall be lost with no sound with worldly knowledge."

"Why don't you talk with Dr. Bell?" He is safe and a sound man, and likely he could tell you something about bringing up children."

"Dr. Bell is better at sermons than children," said Agnes, with some decision. "That boy of his is a perfect limb. I don't know why it is, but some good folks are unlucky with their children. They take a deal of pains with them and learn them everything that's good, and the minute the children get a chance they learn themselves everything that's bad."

This conversation did not bring to faithful Agnes much encouragement.

Meanwhile, Rose, the subject of so much anxiety, lived in almost perfection. Rose was one of those fortunate natures that receive from God every thing that is lovely, and the lovely loving and happy among the various persons who surrounded her. She loved the exact and faithful Agnes; she loved the mild and gentle Mother Polly; she loved the bolstered wars of shrewd Tommy Tuft; she loved and somewhat feared the simple but stately manner of Dr. Buell; she loved her mother dearly, but her father more; and Dr. Wentworth she loved like loving another. So perfectly were father and daughter in sympathy, that hardly could words to interpret between them. They seemed like one soul in two bodies.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

BY MARY KYTE DALLAS.

"Now what are you little for, when there's a fine lady coming?" said Mrs. Mullen, to the lady of the Angier's Rest to the useful individual of all work, washing, cooking and any dinner, in fact, everything by turns and nothing long, under the comprehensive appellation of "the help." "There's them two ladies what's been down to see about the house for sale, I'll be bound, will be, before it's high noon."

"Yes, mum," said Jack, sullenly. He's easier to talk than work. Well, now, who'll buy it, Jack?"

"I'm, if they sint both Miss Smiths" cried Jack indignantly. "I'm sure the rich Miss Smith that is coming down to see about the place is going to buy it, for she's the granddhter; and the other is nobody's person. Mind, you're polite to the Miss Smith, for the rich one's going to buy the place, I tell you. Jack says she can recommend custom to the house, because she's a rich one, and has a deal of rich grandest. Put her trunk on first, and give her the best room."

"I'll do no such thing, I know which I'll asked Jack, doubtfully.

"Do you mind what you're told, you," said the landlady. "A real rich lady can't to be mistook."

And as the help drove away, Mrs. Mullen continued: "Be polite to the rich Miss Smith, mind."

Only two rooms left empty," she said—"the large one on the second floor for the Miss Smiths. The other will do for Mr. Mullen and myself, and the children can sleep in the garret. Jack can recommend custom to the house, 'cause he's a rich one, and has a deal of rich grandest. Put her trunk on first, and give her the best room."

"I'll do no such thing, I know which I

THE DIVORCE.

BY MRS. G. H. HORR.

I.

Mamma, it is time that I had a divorce!
But I know you'll not listen to me—no, of course;
Papa has that horrible old English notion
Of woman's submission and utter devotion!

II.

You say Edward's not such a *very* bad man,
And if I do not love him, perhaps some one else can;
His virtues you have not been wont to enhance:—
For some better love, I will give him a chance.

III.

You know his indifference towards me of late,
And you know how I've had for the new styles to wait;
And how his cigar ends are lying around,
And how, when he's wanted, he's not to be found!

IV.

And oceans of tears in my eyelids oft rise,
Though I press them all back for the sake of my eyes.
Such coldness and cruelty how can I bear?
I'll fly from his presence—I do not care where

V.

There's little Kate Lacy, my school-mate, you know—
She has got—why, I think, a fourth husband, or so!
While I—I bear everything just from this one.
I think it is time this connection was done.

VI.

Unprincipled, ah!—and her manners too free!
Yes; papa says she's no fit companion for me;
You know well enough how he lays down the rule—
He always has leaned to the old-fashioned school.

VII.

She married her first when the hoops were first worn;
What a sweet bride she made—I remember the morn.
The trouble between them was not plain to me;
From some cause or other Kate left him, you see.

VIII.

The next one she took when the Zouaves came in
Little jackets so jaunty, with white vests within;
Their tempers, it seems, never would harmonize,
And so—he just left her, one summer sunrise!

IX.

The third she espoused when the waterfalls came.
And I never could see that the girl was to blame;
For he and her father they quarreled for gold,
And husband and wife thus were parted, I'm told.

X.

A fourth love she found, and to him she was married
At the same nick of time when hair-coils were first carried.
He took her to live with his father and mother—
And that, you know, always produces a bother!

XI.

He bought for her then such a sweet little cot,
And she told me to-day she's content with her lot,
I think she will live with this man quite a while—
Her face was lit up with her happiest smile.

* * * * * *

XII.

Oh, mother, look there—just over the way!
There's Edward, my husband!—now, what can you say!
He talks to that strange-looking woman—just see:
Is this the respect that he owes unto me!

XIII.

Oh, mother, his arm now encircles her round!
And his voice is so sweet in its musical sound!
Will you also go and forsake your poor child?
It seems at this sight that my brain will grow wild!

* * * * * *

XIV.

Who's this? It is Edward. But whom did you meet?
Who's that fair-looking woman there—out in the street?
You say that her child, her one baby, is dead!
You carried the news to the mother, you said?

XV.

O, Edward, forgive me!—and now let me go—
I will sit with the mother so humbled and low.
The tears in your eyes!—and I once doubted you,
Whose heart has been ever so gentle and true!

XVI.

Now, mother, a word more to you I must say:—
Utter nothing of all my wild chattering to-day;
And what I say now goes no further, of course:
Papa perhaps is right on such [illegible] divorce.

ROSALIE MEADOWS.

A COQUETTE CAUGHT IN HER OWN TOILS.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

That Rosalie Meadows was the belle and beauty of Meadowville no one was insane enough to attempt to deny; and that Rosalie Meadows was a charming, heartless coquette—the feminine portion, at least, of Meadowville was only too glad to admit. Indeed, it was the dear delight of certain old ladies—chiefly antique maidens—in Rosalie's native town, to meet together once a week at the Dorcas Society, and industriously canvass the sayings and doings of that young lady during the week which had passed since the last Dorcas meeting. By the close of each evening, Rosalie was so much picked to pieces that, had she been a garment or anything in that way, it would have required a whole Dorcas meeting to have pieced her together again.

Painful to state, Rosalie was not altogether innocent of the many hard things which were said of her. The bitter words of young maidens like herself, and the ominous shakings of ancient heads were not all the result of envy and jealousy and old maidenish spleen. Rosalie gave very strong evidence of being heartless. Besides the facts of her being very pretty, very charming, and in every way the favorite of fortune—none of which things could really have been charged against her as faults—she had a truly aggravating way of using all her fascinations to win away the lovers of her companions and friends; and then, when she had won them, of coolly laughing at them—saucily telling them she had never been serious in a thought regarding them, and contemptuously advising them to return to the old loves. A few accepted this advice, were forgiven, and re-instated in the affections of their sweethearts, whom they loved more, and heartily joined with in railing against Rosalie's coquetting; a few more attempted to put her advice in force, but were indignantly dismissed by their neglected lady-loves—as they richly deserved—and very generally laughed at by the community at large; but still a greater number upbraided the false coquette with burning and even insulting words, and left her with curses on the hour they had first seen her. Strange to say, though Rosalie was quite a proud girl,—not without sensibility too, and, at times, even tender-hearted,—the despair she caused never cost her a tear; nor did the indignant reproaches often poured forth upon her once enkindle her spirit to anger; she even enjoyed passionate transports of rage against her as the strongest proof of her power over the victims. But this is a state of mind and feeling peculiar to the true coquette; it is absolutely impossible for any woman to be a thorough flirt whose heart is susceptible to the higher emotions and liable to become at any time a prey to pity and remorse. Rosalie had pretty well exhausted the flirting resources of Meadowville. There was not a young man of any pretensions to good looks, good manners, or any single attraction whatever, whom she had not reviewed with a critical eye, and openly flirted with, if she considered him worth the while. And now, Meadowville being exhausted, Rosalie began to sigh for fresh fields and pastures new. She took it into her pretty little head, one day, to tease her father to take her to Boston to spend a winter. Mr. Meadows was a rich man and a widower; Rosalie was his only child and the light of his eyes. He had never refused her anything since the day he buried his pretty young wife; and so Miss Meadows went to Boston.

There she met a very different class of young men to those she had been accustomed in Meadowville; and she found herself quite as much admired as in her native town; for youth, and beauty, and a hundred thousand dollars are quite as charming in Boston, or any other great city, as in the provinces. Rosalie, notwithstanding her many former triumphs, was almost intoxicated by the more elegant homage of the city; and it is impossible to conjecture what might have been the end of all this gayety, and flirting, and shopping, and dancing, and so forth and so forth, if our young coquette had not awoke one morning to the amazing discovery that she possessed a heart—a heart which, at the remembrance of one voice throbbed, and beat, and burned, and sent the rushing color in waves of crimson to her face to tell her that she was in love.

Among the half hundred young men whom Rosalie had met since she left Meadowville was an artist,—handsome, talented, and petted by all the lovers of distinguished people in Boston. Howard Vining was quite different from any one whom Rosalie had ever known, either in her native town or among the more fashionable people she had met in the great city; for one thing, he did not seem at all overcome by her many graces and fascinations, and rather neglected her even when she was most beautiful; and, as always happens in such cases, Rosalie was mightily piqued by this remarkable course of conduct on the part of the young artist. But that could not blind her to the fact that he was the handsomest man she had ever seen, and possessed of a voice that was very music to her ears. He sang, too, and sang well—with power and sweetness, and expression; and his singing charmed the heart as well as the ear of Rosalie Meadows, till at last she was thunder-struck when she realized that she loved—actually loved Vining; and hardly dared to hope that he returned the feeling.

Rosalie would have marked out a certain course to pursue in this emergency if she could have decided what to do; but she could not, for, all unexpectedly, she found herself not the attacking party; and she felt that all her efforts were necessary to defend her from becoming more in the enemy's power. Accordingly, she became reserved and timid, with just sufficient gentle confusion when in Vining's presence to render her attractive and interesting. Vining, considerably spoiled by over-much flattery and petting, took very little notice of Rosalie while she had been only one of the rich and pretty and well-dressed young ladies whom he was accustomed to meet; but when she took to blushing and faltering under his gaze, and sometimes gave a quick, little nervous start if he chanced to address her suddenly, he observed her more attentively. He found that she was unusually pretty, and that, too, in a way that suited his artist eye; she was petite and graceful, and quite a model as to form and elegance. Her features were small and delicate; her mouth was like a little bow of ruby velvet; her complexion all pearl and peach-bloom, and her large, gray eyes of a dozen different shades in as many minutes. And then such a wealth of fair, brown, floss-like hair, neither smooth nor curling, but floating about in soft, wavy masses, as was of itself sufficient to win the heart of any lover of beauty. Vining sketched the pretty face, framed in its wonderful hair, a half-dozen times; and then he begged Rosalie to sit to him for a full length picture. She consented, and she triumphed, too, in having won such a tribute of his admiration; for she could not learn that he had ever yet paid any other woman a similar compliment. She began to indulge hopes; and something of her original saucy coquetry returned; but Vining was already interested, and her little airs and graces only made her more charming to him.

"I have won him!" thought Rosalie; and she had never yet known such triumph as she experienced in this conquest, but she felt no desire to throw aside the heart which had cost her so many doubts and fears and hopes. She acknowledged to herself that she loved at last; and when, as sometimes happened, some caprice on the part of Vining would set her wondering whether he really loved her, she for the first time felt occasional twinges of conscience for the pain she had caused others. This was to her the very strongest proof of the wonderful change which had come upon her; and she thought with dread and dismay of what her future would be, if it, indeed, should happen that he whom she loved was only trifling with her as she had trifled with so many. Indeed it was some time before Vining could make up his mind what he should do; that Rosalie was a coquette he perceived even while he allowed himself to become each day more fascinated with her, but that she really loved him he felt assured from the first. The full-length portrait was nearly finished, and the season was drawing to a close. Mr. Meadows had already told Rosalie that the day was fixed upon for their return to Meadowville. Vining at last decided to hazard an avowal of his love; and Rosalie did not receive his declaration with the customary scornful triumph. She listened with glowing and averted face; and the voice that softly murmured, "Yes, I love you, Howard," was almost inaudible; but he heard it, for when did any lover fail to understand the voice that said: "I love you!" though it were fainter than the sighing of dying zephyrs?

And so Rosalie Meadows was betrothed, and a pretty talk that circumstance occasioned when it became known in Meadowville. The prevailing feeling, however, was one of unalloyed pleasure; for now the dangerous and beautiful little creature who had wrought such terror to the hearts both of mammas and daughters, was fast tied up, and could do no further harm.

For a time after Rosalie's return to Meadowville, she was very subdued; gave up her whole existence, apparently, to reading and answering her lover's letters, and seemed to have become actually blind to the existence of eligible partners to a flirtation. Howard Vining took advantage of the first warm weather to visit Meadowville, ostensibly on a sketching tour, really to enjoy the society of his fair lady love, with whom he might be seen constantly rambling about in all the pretty walks about the place, or riding horseback in a jaunty suit which drove Rosalie's former suitors, rejected and otherwise, to despair. That he was very handsome, every girl in Meadowville acknowledged after a single minute's observation; while the male portion, especially those who had admired Rosalie, vied with each other in bestowing the epithets of "vain, stuck-up popinjay—conceited city swell, and foppish painter," upon the more fortunate object of fortune's and Rosalie's smiles.

The devotion of the lovers became quite a proverb; and kind friends sneeringly congratulated Miss Meadows on having chosen a lover who would not permit her to look, think, or even breathe, except as he approved.

Rosalie's vanity, quick to take fire, was instantly in a flame at these words.

"O, they think I fear him!" she exclaimed; "perhaps, who knows, they fancy I dare not flirt lest I might lose him. They shall see."

Summer was coming on apace; and one very bright and warm day a pic-nic was arranged for the following day, in case the weather should prove propitious.

The weather was obliging, and the sun smiled his warmest and brightest; the spot selected for pic-nicking was some three or four miles outside of Meadowville,—the picturesque ruins of a tumble-down old house which had served as the retreat of loyalists during the Revolution. Vining had not formally asked Rosalie to go with him, regarding it as a matter of course that she would do so. Accordingly, at the appointed hour in the morning, he drove up to the door in a dainty little pony carriage which he had ordered from Boston for her special use. To his astonishment he found her dressed in her most becoming riding-habit—blue, with a little jockey hat to match, that set off her blonde beauty to the utmost advantage. Several young ladies and gentlemen surrounded her, admiring her habit, and paying compliments to her beautiful horse, and every one dying with curiosity to see how she was going to act with regard to Vining and his pony-carriage.

"Why, Rosie, do you prefer to ride?" exclaimed Vining. "Now it will waste time for me to go and get my horse—why couldn't you have sent me word what you wanted to do? Loop up your habit, and get into the carriage, won't you?"

"I'm going to ride, thank you," said Rosalie, carelessly drawing on her glove, and giving it to a gentleman beside her to button.

"Now be reasonable, Rosie—don't you see how long it will take me to make a change?" returned Vining, impatiently.

"But there's no occasion to make any change, Mr. Vining; I have promised to accompany Mr. Newton,—and here he comes. You are a minute and a half late, Frank." And she shook her little riding-whip at the new-comer, a handsome young man who sat his horse with singular ease and grace, and looked altogether a very formidable rival even for Howard Vining.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Rosalie," he said. "You have done me too much honor to wait for me."

"I couldn't help myself, or I wouldn't," was the reply, with all the speaker's arch coquetry, as she looked roguishly into the face that was now close beside her; she accepted his offered hand and sprang lightly into the saddle. The next moment the pair gallopped off together, heading the party of pic-nickers, who, after some little difficulty, were all arranged in various carriages.

Howard Vining had borne this extraordinary freak on the part of his betrothed with admirable coolness. At the first a very faint flush mounted to his brow when Rosalie announced her intention of accepting another escort than his own; but on the instant he nodded his head with easy nonchalance, saluted Frank Newton when he arrived, and, turning away, took no further notice of Rosalie or her companion.

Presently he said, perceiving there was some difficulty in disposing of all parties:

"Cannot I offer any person a place in my carriage,—here is room enough going to waste."

"How stupid of us not to have thought of that," exclaimed some one. "Here is Miss Allan, Mr. Vining—everybody is disposed of but this very charming young lady."

Vining sprang from the carriage at once and assisted Miss Allan to enter it. He busied himself for several minutes in making her comfortable, and there were many other fair maidens who blamed themselves for their haste in selecting places in the other carriages, and their blindness in not perceiving that Vining's was vacant.

Meantime Howard and his companion, who had met many times before, were conversing like old friends. Christine Allan was a very handsome, brilliant girl; and by many thought more beautiful than Rosalie; but she had never been looked upon as a rival for the fair coquette and positively abhorred the art of flirtation. She was somewhat haughty, did not look upon the male of her species as a superior being; and was, indeed, just a trifle disposed to regard him with contempt. Ill-natured people might have called her "strong-minded,"—and in the sense of not being weak-minded she certainly would have deserved the reproach; but Christine had no enemies in Meadowville; and consequently no one ever bestowed the obnoxious epithet upon her. She was not strong-minded; she was only young and quite inexperienced; and when it is remembered that her opinion of mankind was founded upon those specimens of the race which came under her observation in Meadowville, and which had, one and all, united in bowing down before Rosalie Meadows, her small regard for them is not so very much to be wondered at.

Vining found Christine a very charming companion; and could Rosalie have known how very little he missed her pretty, winning little ways, but somewhat shallow conversation, while listening to the brilliant and witty remarks of Christine, she would have considered deeply before abandoning her lover to the dangers of such another tête-a-tête.

But Rosalie was quite unconscious that she was hazarding her position in Vining's heart; she never dreamed that he would retaliate by devoting himself to another, but she was sufficiently provoked by the cool manner in which he received her own capricious behavior. Her chagrin was greatly increased when Vining arrived in company with Christine, and apparently unconscious of the existence of anybody else; and it required all her tact to conceal her discomfiture. She did conceal it, however; and kept up one of the most brilliant flirtations she had ever been engaged in with Mr. Frank Newton. But in all her life she had never been so utterly miserable; for Vining continued most provokingly indifferent to the most flattering encouragement which she chose to bestow on Newton; and even persisted in ignoring all her little arts to win himself again to her side.

As for Christine, she was at first amused and at last interested by this curious study. She had not been disposed to admire Vining at the beginning; in her eyes he was only another of the many admirers of Rosalie Meadows, and therefore could not amount to much of anything. But his manner of resenting Rosalie's disposition to trifle with her engagement to him quite won her respect, and forced her to acknowledge that men were not all the shallow, silly fools she had unjustly thought them. The spirit of mischief entered into her, too, and her feminine instinct for power was a little touched by the evident impression she had made on Vining. She seconded all his designs for punishing Rosalie most ably, and earned for herself a few ill-natured remarks to the effect "that she was no more disinclined to a flirtation than Rosalie herself, when she could find any one to flirt with her." Many discreet and single-minded damsels who had suffered at the expense of Miss Meadows now took this occasion of condoling with her on the shameful manner in which Mr. Vining was conducting himself, and nearly drove our pretty little coquette frantic with these additional doses of wormwood in her cup of bitterness. But she kept up a brave show of indifference, while she devoutly prayed for the close of this the most painful day she had ever experienced.

"He must come back to me," she thought; "and if he loves me still I will never, never try him like this again."

But Vining showed no disposition to go back to his former love—not even when she announced her intention of being driven home when the pic-nic broke up, because she was too tired to ride. Christine drove back with Howard Vining; and Rosalie, furious with jealousy and anger, haughtily refused all other offers to drive her home, and again galloped off with Frank Newton, leading the party on its return to Meadowville.

Vining did not call on his betrothed that evening; and she spent the weary hours in her own room, anxiously awaiting the expected summons to meet him in the parlor, when she resolved she would apologize for her unpardonable behavior, and be re-instated in his favor again at any cost. But ten o'clock came, and no Vining; and Rosalie expiated her error of the day in a night of miserable tears and wounded vanity and self-upbraidings. Vining did not come the next day; and Rosalie learned—of course—that he had called on Christine, and had spent a most charming evening. The next day passed in like manner, and a rumor reached her that Christine had consented to forego her prejudice against riding so far as to promise her company to Mr. Vining on the following day. Rosalie could bear no more. She dispatched a meek little note to her lover, tenderly upbraiding him for his neglect, and telling him she had been ill ever since he saw her last.

Vining was melted, and kissed the little perfumed note a dozen times.

"The dear little thing!" he murmured. "But I hate a coquette; and nothing on earth would tempt me to become the husband of a heartless flirt."

Within an hour Vining was with Rosalie, and a very few minutes sufficed to restore harmony between them.

"It isn't true that you are going to take Christine Allan horse-back riding to-morrow, Howard?" asked Rosalie, when Vining rose to leave her.

"Yes, it is true, Rosie—because I have made an engagement to do so."

"And you intend to keep it?" asked Rosalie, with an ominous flash of her gray eyes.

"My child, I always keep an engagement—unless the other party should choose to break it."

"Then, I suppose you can have no objection to my going to ride with Frank Newton?" asked Rosalie, haughtily.

"No—under the circumstances, as your own wilfulness has been the cause of my not being able to accompany you myself."

"Thank you!" said Rosalie, mockingly; "you are too kind, sir; but I shall not accept of your generous permission. I shall not be of the riding party at all."

"Well, that would, perhaps, be best," said Vining, in a tone of calm reflection. "I think I should prefer it so, Rosa," and then he clasped the little hand close, kissed her lightly on the brow, and was gone.

"How easily he takes it all," thought Rosalie, bitterly; and tears of mortification came into her eyes. "I don't believe he hardly loves me after all, and I just adore him. O me! I am punished enough for all my cruelty to others."

Rosalie wept a little; and thoughts that were far from soothing kept chasing themselves through her tormented little mind.

"Does he love Christine?" she asked herself again and again; and then with a fierce twinge of jealousy, she answered the thought:

"Yes, he does love her; and that so well, that he cannot disguise it. No wonder he prays that I should not be of the party; but I shall go,—I shall!"

She hastily wrote a line to Frank Newton accepting his invitation for the riding party, and when the answer came telling her at what hour he would call for her, she tore it into atoms, and tormented herself with a thousand conjectures as to what Vining might think of this change in her determination.

Vining did not seem to oppose it; she saw that at a glance, when she met him the next day, and she was glad this time to have annoyed him.

"What cool impudence!" she thought, as she saw him bend over his horse in lowly attention to every word spoken by Christine; "he keeps up the most insulting show of devotion to that brazen girl, and has the assurance to frown because I accept from another the escort he should have offered himself."

Accordingly, Rosalie was on her mettle again; and the flirtation between herself and Newton was renewed with redoubled vigor.

Vining said nothing—only increased his devout attention to Christine.

The day ended as the pic-nic had ended for Rosalie; but this time she would not humble herself to send for her lover.

"No," she said. "He loves Christine Allan—I will not stoop to win him back. Let him go, if my heart breaks."

But Rosalie was far less brave than her words. Accident brought about a reconciliation between herself and Vining; and while she blessed the fortunate circumstance, she resorted to every artifice of beauty, fascination, and love to rivet anew her chains about her lover. But to her horror she found that she had lost all her old power over him. He paid her every attention that courtesy and their relation to each could demand, but the cool indifference of his manner stung her to the soul. She resorted to flirtation again to awaken his former love; but from the beginning that had been a failure, and each successive attempt only proved how utterly unavailing it was in this case.

"I will release him!" said Rosalie, at last, in despair. "I will know the worst, then; and nothing can be worse than this torture."

She wrote a formal note, begging an interview; and when Vining came, as he did, in answer to the note, his betrothed formally released him from all his vows to her.

Vining received her words with perfect composure, and made no other answer than a prompt, respectful inclination of the head. His manner enabled Rosalie to maintain her dignity.

"You are free," she said, in conclusion; "and you have my sincere wishes for your happiness."

"I have only to beg that you will always remember that this was your own act, Miss Meadows," said Vining.

"But your own earnest wish," she answered, with a bitterness she could not conceal.

"I will not be so ungracious as to contradict you," he answered; and left her with a slight bow and a careless adieu.

Rosalie fell right down where he left her; and though she did not faint, she lay there in a heap upon the floor, for what seemed to her as months or years, when she thought of it afterwards. At last she arose and crawled away, with drooping head, like some wounded animal, to hide herself in the solitude of her own room.

The gossips of Meadowville exulted finely when the news of Rosalie's defeat became noised abroad; but no one, not even her own father, ever dared to speak to her on the subject. She came forth from her room the next day a changed girl—a girl, indeed, no more—but a woman with a pale face, that always remained at the same time young and old, fair and smooth to the last, but aged under the hand of a grief that never lightened. Vining married Christine Allan; and carried his handsome and brilliant wife back to Boston with him. But Rosalie Meadows never married. She joined the church, and was called a most devout member; she spent her money on charities, and her time among the poor and wretched; and she wore black from the time of her parting with Howard Vining till the hour of her death.

THE COUNTRY.—The country begins to be delightful—like one beloved, it is all smiles, beauty, and good humor: the blossoms are its smiles—the many-tinted green its never-wearying beauty—and the bland breath of summer imparts to it, and reveals its own felicity. The spirit of enjoyment is abroad—we hear its music in the wood, and the murmuring rivulet; its whisperings among the young leaves and the aspiring grass! The whip-poor-will echoes it in his evening lay, and the many songs of the morning proclaim how full of happiness is nature!

WIT AND HUMOR.

AN "UNSUSPICIOUS NATURE."—During the cross-examination of a false witness at the Tombs the other day, the District Attorney asked him where his father was, to which the witness, with a melancholy air, responded: "Dead, sir; dropt off very suddenly, sir." "How came he to drop off suddenly?" was the next question. "Foul play, sir; the sheriff imposed on his unsuspicious nature, sir, and getting him to go up on a platform to take a look at a select audience, suddenly knocked a trap-door out from under him, sir."

THE celebrated Jeremiah Mason was counsel for Rev. Mr. Avery when arraigned for the alleged murder of a Miss Cornell, in Rhode Island, several years ago. In the course of the very long trial, Mr. Mason was waited upon at his lodgings, somewhat early one morning, by two of the ministerial brothers, friends of the accused, who, with great earnestness, informed Mr. Mason that they had had a vision of angels, who said brother Avery was entirely innocent. "Let them be summoned into court forthwith," said Mr. Mason.

SLOW BUT SURE RETRIBUTION.—A Pennsylvania paper says: "James W. Campbell, sheriff of Jefferson county, Va., and the man who hung John Brown, died at Charlestown, West Virginia, recently," and adds, "thus does retribution surely, if slowly, overtake the wrong-doer." This reminds us of the apprentice who said: "When I was first bound out, my master treated me so that I wished he was dead, *and I stuck to the wish for forty years and fetched him at last!*"

A NEWLY arrived boarder at a fashionable boarding-house thought he had not sufficient bolstering for his head, and accordingly carried the pillows down to the landlady's room, who inquired what he desired. The gentleman wanted to know what the articles were which he held in his hands. "Pillows, you impudent fellow!" screamed the enraged woman. "Oh! I thought they were pin cushions!" replied the disconsolate boarder.

"I tell you what, Pomp, dat Massy Thad. Stevens is a big fish." "Go 'long wid you'self, you unreverent contraband, for speaking thus ob de friend ob your race as a *fish*." "Why, you fool, all members ob Congress are more like fishes dan any oder living creachahs." "How so?" "Why, bekase dey is fond ob *de bait!*" (debate).

A YOUNG fellow, not quite so wise as Solomon, eating some Orange county cheese full of mites, one night at a restaurant, said: "Now have I done as much as Samson, for I have slain my thousands and my ten thousands." "Yes," answered one of the company, "and with the same weapon too—the jawbone of an ass!"

A SCHOOL-MISTRESS, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils, and the names of their parents, at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow: "What's *your* father's name?" "O, you needn't take down *his* name; he's too old to go to school to a *woman*," was the innocent reply.

A NEW GRAB AT THE PEOPLE'S MONEY.—The audacity of our city plunderers knows no limits. In spite of all law and decency it has been determined that every one who crosses the iron bridge over Broadway at the head of Fulton street shall pay a toll of *two cents*—the *ascent* and the *descent*.

THE new style of paper bonnet, which is beautiful, but certain to be spoiled by the least rain, is said to be a sure preventive to its owner against the catching of cold, *because no lady will venture out with one in damp or threatening weather.*

A MAHOMETAN JOKE.—Turkey being bankrupt, and having imposed taxes on every other imaginable thing, has at length resorted to a tax on babies, because they are "exempt from military service, and are articles of merchandise."

PROOF OF A GREAT MIND.—It is said that Dr. Emmons, being once asked what he considered a proof of a great mind, replied that it was *the power to look at the point of a cambric needle six minutes without winking.*

A "MIXED" QUESTION OF LAW AND MORALS.—As cider is intoxicating, when properly made, is not a cider-mill which is honestly worked an immoral machine? And if so, ought it not to be sup-*pressed?*"

A LAWYER being on the point of death, made his will, leaving all his estate for the benefit of fools and madmen, on the ground that he had got it all of them, and ought to restore it to its rightful owners.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE skeleton of a little girl, living near Oswego, who went berrying last August, and was never heard from, was lately found in a large fissure in a rock, near which a great number of snakes were discovered. The bones of the skeleton were completely cleaned of flesh. Whether the poor child fell into the crevice and perished, or was first attacked and killed by the snakes of the vicinity, is a matter of horrible uncertainty.

A WHALING ship, named the *Diana*, manned with fifty men, left the Shetland Islands about a year ago for the Arctic seas, and was supposed to be lost; but recently drifted into the harbor of Rona's Vor, on one of the islands, almost a complete wreck—ten of her crew of fifty lying frozen on the deck, thirty-five helpless, and five able to crawl about. Cold and famine had done a deadly business on the ill-fated vessel.

ONE day last week, a boy, six years old, living in Buffalo, in the absence of his parents, gave his brother, four years old, some whiskey to drink. Shortly after drinking it, the boy sat down to the breakfast table, and had just commenced eating, when, stupefied by the liquor, it is supposed, he fell off the chair, dislocating his neck by the fall.

A BABY elephant, attached to a circus, became frightened near Phœnix, R. I., broke away from his keeper and ran into the principal street. He made a raid upon a fruit-store, went into a saloon and emptied the contents upon the landlord and customers, and was proceeding to demolish a grocery when he was secured by his keeper.

THE Concord (N. H.) Monitor notices a school report recently issued in that State. The author alludes to the studies of "arithmatic," "gremmer," and "philosophy." He complains that the school houses are badly *planed*, and that there is a *grate* lack of interest in the schools.

THE "SOLID" MEN OF BOSTON.—It is stated that among the subscribers to a gymnasium in Boston, are *sixty* gentlemen who can lift eight hundred pounds; ten who lift nine hundred pounds; two who lift one thousand pounds, and one who lifts twelve hundred and thirty pounds.

A LITTLE boy, only seven years old, son of a gentleman of Winchendon, was run over last week by a team loaded with stone, the load weighing over 5000 lbs, and the whole passing directly over his stomach, yet strange to say he was not killed, and is in a fair way of recovery.

AN old man of seventy-five, living in Connecticut, induced a young woman of twenty-four to marry him, by settling all his property on her. She got the deeds all secure, married the old man, and then ran off, leaving him in loneliness and poverty to reflect upon his folly.

A FINE OLD YANKEE GENTLEMAN.—William Kyle, of Rumford, Me., who is eighty-four years of age, cut and split thirty cords of firewood during the last winter, besides making himself generally useful around the house.

THREE negroes, while bathing in the bay of Charleston, found an old bomb-shell on the beach; and, while tampering with it, the shell exploded, killed two of them outright, and mortally injured the third.

A LETTER from a gentleman in Polk county, Ga., says that whole families there are sometimes two days without one bite of bread. The people are scattering in all directions for something to eat.

THE paper-bag interest is becoming a large one in this country. A single factory in Trenton made one hundred and twelve millions three hundred and twenty thousand of them last year.

THE Mayor's Court in Shepardstown, West Va., was unceremoniously adjourned on Thursday last by an individual mounting a bench and brandishing a pistol in a threatening manner.

ON last Saturday night, an old man, ragged, dirty, and half-starved, was found by the police lying in an open lot up town. $150 in greenbacks was discovered on his person.

DUELS seem to be coming in with the "heated term" at New Orleans. Three of them recently came off in one week.

THE Indians of Idaho are driving off stock and shooting settlers in every direction.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NO TRAVELING AGENTS.—We employ no traveling agents. If any party pretends to act on behalf of us, pay not him but us at office.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Lectures, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

NO. VI.

SELF-MASTERY AS AN ELEMENT OF GREATNESS AND SUCCESS.

BY REV. W. A. STEARNS, D.D., PRESIDENT OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

By self-mastery is here intended the perfect control, by some self, of all those forces of the being which can be brought under the influence of volition. It implies not only restraint and direction, but bringing into action the hidden and undeveloped powers, and conducting their use to the full attainment of manifoldness. Self-mastery is like the control of the sun within the man over the whole man and for the most important ends. The want of this power and its exercise is the common and special defect, not only of weak-minded, but often of the strongest minds. It is, indeed, never perfectly attained, but is capable of being nearly approximated.

The reason best adapted to the acquisition is the sentiment drawn from human nature and manhood, or during the years which next follow. About the period of maturest vigor of the physical condition, great changes in the intellectual nature are wont to occur. Instead of the frequency of previous immaturity give way to thoughtful and persistent stability. So, when to no common, kindly virtues and graces are hitherto are precipitated into injurious falls or adopt courses which eventuate in disaster or even. About this time, also, habits, good or evil, are, in many cases, confirmed, that character is established.

One chapter in particular is of almost universal occurrence. It is a change of perception of what public opinion demands. The student in boyhood are, to a greater extent than is usually supposed, mistaken of judgment. What they otherwise will disposed, readache himself perverselv before the public, he acts not so much from fixed principles of evil, or strong fundamental wickedness, as from a love of ostentation, an erroneous idea of what the public esteems. Under this influence, he plays to the gallery; he regards excesses which give him unenviable notoriety, which are condemned rather upon his assertion in ways that seem ludicrous and all this, as from any underlying depravity, except it be vanity, which produces it, but from the mistaken idea that it is the manly course to live. About the age we have designated, this miserable stage begins to disappear. Experience, mortifications, a larger knowledge and some interest in the family of fellowship, change alike the views and the manners. Not that the change is always so soon completed, or that the infirmities of boyhood hold on; to some extent through college days. But with the more thoughtful persons, independent of influence, and the special danger of such self-exposure, there approaches a period when the great work appears as some form of self-indulgence. Distance of wider restraint; rebellion of spirit and positive barriers which the moral sense and society have thrown across our life; a disposition to grant strong natural propensities, and the temptation to adopt unjustifiable courses to escape the shame; therefor; reluctance to encounter hardship, to cause frim long-cherished intentions, to go forward any undertaking of strenuousness and exertion; a power of evil sympathy by which evil companions overcome the weaker, and lead her to do not help in a lack of self-assertion which will make a man, under its influence, "another man's slave," instead of being his own peer and in the opposite extreme, full of daring, with love of singularity, impulses in rash directions, into ruinous acts or careers, or, finally, and almost worst of all, total neglect of self-culture and self-direction and social aims,—these are among the special hazards to which the young manhood is exposed. Judgment is not altogether unfailing in any; there is sometimes some perception of the morally beautiful, and he dishonors, even in the case of the active, and there are honorable impulses and high intention, though, in the case of many, these intelligences do deep indeed, and the moral sense is blunted, and the will is fatally. And here lies the danger; the object is not considered, or not obeyed, but the passions and the habits take the reins. Inferior powers are master. The lower natures it like a high-spirited horse, unbroken, which runs away with the rider or throws him.

There are but few young men, especially among the better classes, in whom there is not sufficient capacity to save them, if they will be brought into action, and would assert its supremacy. From long association among them, as well as personal familiarity, we have come to the belief that in only the exceptional cases of the many, who would refuse to respond, under such treatment, to generous appeals. There are, indeed, narrow men, mean men, unenterprising men, whose better feelings have been petrified or crusted over by selfishness, but they are not necessarily found in the full, fresh years of early life. Among hundreds of undergraduates in College, at least in some College, we would average scarcely five in a class who would be otherwise benefit, in any hour or three hours of what is excellent, and denounce what is unworthy; all could time and perform the task imposed on the remaining five, hardly one even of the five would be found to be a fool or a knave. But the great evil, at this period of life, might be found, in too many cases, the want of self-government. Men dislike to make decisions, do what they ought to do—what they in some sense desire to do—but what they have no present inclination to do, or hold themselves back, with high authority, from those acts and exercises to which passion strongly prompts them. It is hard to build a powerful temple, especially when often repeated or long continued. It is hard to act, under impulse, or on principles accepted in calm moments. It is harder still to overcome an irreverent habit. The man will say the habit is injuring me, but I cannot give it up; I confess I am a slave, a proud man who would resent chains, who would tolerate no infraction upon his independence of character, says, *I am a slave!* With coved expression of countenance, with chastised self-respect, he says, *I am a slave!* A slave by force is a mighty wrong; but a consenting slave, it is manly or ignoble? Just for lack of this power of self command, hopes of success are destroyed and the very life is crushed out of thousands. Profligates, dishonorables, irreversible deeds of ruthless, followed by not only loss of chances of getting forward, but of all that men value—these are the results. Alexander mastered Bucephalus and conquered the world; but he never mastered Alexander, and so died inglorously, at the age of thirty-three. The ability of self-control, if not exercised, grows weaker. The tongues of Shepherd and Asbridge attract; and, though these brilliants are worshipped by human sacrifices, the time comes, in the case of many, when the burning fires of their altars are rusted into, the temples are cobwebs, with no power or object. But this is chiefly the negative side of our question.

Self-mastery should not be limited to restraints. It means, also, the positive. It means of bringing one's self up to the high measure of which he is capable, and which he desires. Self forward to the most commendable ends before him. It is thus applied, it becomes a real prophet of success. Considerable excellence must rest mainly to others, and the world is ever ready to recognize what they are determined to be. There is nothing stronger within human limits than a strong will, when directed by good judgment and right intention. In the darkest periods of our recent war, public instinct and common sense pointed alike the ability of our chief magistrate; that a foreign writer observed that Mr. Lincoln possessed "the three great characteristics of greatness and success —sagacity, integrity, persistency." The moral qualities were the most needed in those times, though its capability of improvement is always important. Mr. Lincoln was not to the Indian and the backwoodsman. Integrity and persistency still remained to us. Nay, he was an acquisition; but is it within the compass of the humblest capacity. It inspires confidence and commands helps, while the want of it loses only an unconscious but expensive failure or involves in complications which are apt in blot the whole life with evil. It is the deepest consciousness without it, but not when the time is long and the trial severe, that the soul is most impertinent. Disinterestly contravenes the laws of the universe, and the whole plan is to ruin. Genius, move on irresistibly and are likely in the end to crush all things in the way. But persistency, when conducted by wisdom and along the lines of duty, is the one quality more than any other makes men pre-eminent among their fellows. It is the power which has made the Anglo-Saxon race the great war race, as well as "reigning race," the world's conquerors and colonizers. It is the power which has enabled it "to fight it out on this line," when the cut to pieces and the battle seemed lost, as in many illustrations. Such persistency is usually sanctified by the Spirit of God, and always it removes mountains.

It is important to inquire whether self masters, that self-mastery which imparts or improves the highest qualities of greatness, comes within the limits of ordinary attainment. We say, yes, to the great majority of men, and to almost all most of them aspect. They need only to be aroused to a sense of their power, and the strain cause hard to them. But think of the loss to the individual, to humanity, to the state, and society would not be possible without it. Without it, multitudes who play to keep themselves in their daily intercourse, if applied to important ends, would accomplish little, and reach the highest mankinder, or even to become a burden to their race. Individuals also illustrate the possibilities of our nature. Its power is manifested in all the centuries of history who reached distinguished eminence, whether in literature, in carving and self-ranking. Military chieftains, statesmen, orators, philanthropists, reformers, artists, scholars become such by a voluntary and persistent effort, which always overcame many strong propensities, and the summoning of a power of self-control. Without this power, there is a universal and indispensable condition of success. Without an adequate motive power, the most splendid machinery is useless. Who envies the trembling motive in sun-stroke? Who envies the trembling motive in sun-stroke? Who envies the trembling motive in sun-stroke?

THE SETTLER.

BY E. G. SHEPHERD.

After, on the edge of the forest,
The settler's cabin stands,
Of rough logs hewn from giant trees
By his large and sinewy hands;
For well to wield the sharpened axe
The settler understands.

You can hear its heavy, muffled strokes
From morn till eve of day,
As the forest cries beneath his blows,
Where the fallen giants lay;
While his good wife minds her busy cares,
And his children are at play.

Broad-chested, tall and straight are they,
With ruddy cheeks and brow,
The glow of health upon each cheek,
And strength in every limb;
The example the their mother sets,
But the boys resemble him.

For since evenings may not pass
The settler's cabin door
The changing moon shows axe and saw,
And the forest dark and drear,
Where, often in the silent night,
The panther's voice you'll hear.

The settler loves his wife well—
A right good slap it is—
He can pick the eye out of a squirrel
Each time he takes true;
And without ever a hair of harm
From his family can pass free.

He teaches them to sound songs
The free air of the west,
And how to shoot with unerring aim
And notice the creature's ways,
And a goodness lore of freedom fills
His honest, manly breast.

Beside the house his garden grows,
And all the wild seeds and fruit
The settler tames the fruitful soil
Where the grim and lithe panther
And even beside his cabin walls
The game endeavors know.

Inside the settler's lithed walk
His gold will be but lead,
Make busy with the woodsy soul
Of the settler's wife and lover;
And, trusting her, his daughter sings
With sweet voice, low and clear.

Within the shadow of the roof
His humble meal he ate,
With sons between his outstretched paws
And drowsy, half-shut eyes
While now and then his hand he lifts
To fight the hated flies.

At ere the settler takes his ease—
That once so noisy was,
In his arms rest calm, far away
Toward the setting sun—
And in the forest's depths he lays his peace,
For his task day's work is done.

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "HISTHEARTH, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "VICTORIOUS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LX.

THE MAIL-BAG.

Sacramento, who had been the resource that it always?

It always take us of so many strange and wondrous things.

It makes us wonder, too, how we ever lived before it came.

It tells us of the price of seed, and what produces a month—

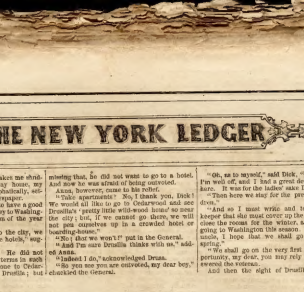
Of the last new fashion, and the latest strange thing to eat.

Has wars and duties called to arms? Has lightning

Has Europe been to war? Or has there been a storm at

Has the steamport given his head? A comet's tail been

Or has some horses with her green goes off to Goshen



ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL.

Kingston.

The time drew near when the family from old Lyon Hall were to go to Washington for the winter.

Drusilla wrote to her housekeeper and steward at Cedarwood, giving them full instructions to prepare the cottage for the reception of herself and friends, and she enclosed an order on her banker for the necessary funds.

In due time she received a communication from steward informing her that all things were now ready for the party.

Then she assembled her relatives, and together they fixed upon a day early in January for the removal of the family. The General did not wish to move before that time, as he always preferred to keep Christmas and New Year's holidays at old Lyon Hall.

Drusilla wrote again, and told her servants on what day to expect herself and her party.

Then was observed a busy time, coming about the first of January, blocked up the country roads, impeded travel and retarded their journey, and she kept back the mails, so that for many days after the time appointed for their removal, the family remained at old Lyon Hall, cut off from communication with the rest of the world.

When at last there came a change of weather, and the snow-drifted road sank into the earth, and the mail could ride the air, and the roads and mails could be used as speedily as before, the post-office at Salisbury began to fetch the letters and papers.

He returned in the afternoon with a mail-bag well stuffed. He brought it into the mail parlor, where the domestic circle was gathered.

Only those who have been under like circumstances know how welcome are such realms the avidity with which that bag was seized and unlocked, and the eagerness and eye upon that coarse table, around which the whole family party immediately gathered.

There were several unimportant letters for everybody, but, however, they were all the greatest interest by these wonder-bound recipients.

And there was one which immediately fixed Drusilla's attention. It was from Cedarwood, and dated a few days back. Mamsy was the writer, and the dashing upon the simplicity roadiness of the cottage to receive the expected company, she said.

"And so we shall be a lookin' out for you on the fifth, and not before, 'cause I don't so do there's every danger, but before you brings your Harrier Lemuel to be a lookin' after the cottage, and see that it is all right, and to see how Millington's steam lower is a-going here, and a hurrying of matches. All the children at the Brownie's has brought it; and Rhoda's brother has three right across the road, opposite the gate as goes inter our garden, and they don't deserve it any clear to let you of this. I am not so as there is easy fastening, and I am sure that Marion's keeness wouldn't be long a-getting in there.

"Right! Drusilla grew sick and turned pale as she finished reading.

"What is the matter, my dear?" inquired General Lyon, rising from his paper, and noticing her disturbance.

She silently handed him the letter. He read it attentively, and then looking over his spectacles, said:

"Of course, then, we must not think of going. Bowles favors these my life and soul! Let us stay where we are."

"What is it, dear grandpa?" inquired Anna, looking up from her letter, while Dick laid down his paper to listen.

"Scarlet fever, my love, raging around Cedarwood, and staying as many as King Herod himself. Of course, we can't think of such a thing as going there. What, expose little Lancaster to such an in fection? Suppose he was to catch the fever? and—they then make me shriek, dear! Well stay home; well stay home, my children!" Said the old man, emphatically, and settling himself once more to his newspaper.

And, indeed, he was not sorry to have a good excuse for relinquishing the journey to Washington, which at the inclement season of the year could have no attractions for him.

"But if the ladies wish to go to the city, we can take apartments at one of the hotels," suggested Dick.

General Lyon looked uneasy. He did not wish to go to Washington at any terms in such bad weather. He would have gone to Cedarwood, only to keep his word with Drusilla; but, wishing that, he did not want to go to a hotel. And now he was afraid of being outvoted.

Anna, however, came to his relief.

"Take apartments! No, I thank you, Dick! We would all like to go to Cedarwood and see Drusilla's pretty little wild-wood home so much the city; but, if we cannot go there, we will not pen ourselves up in a crowded hotel or boarding-house.

"No; that we won't!" put in the General, with a look at Anna Drusilla which spoke with us," added Anna.

"Indeed I do," acknowledged Bruce.

"So you see you are outvoted, my dear boy," chuckled the General.

"Oh, as to myself," said Dick, "I'd know when I'm well off; and I had a great deal rather stay here. It was for the ladies' sake I spoke."

"Then here we stay for the present, my children."

"And as I must write and tell my housekeeper that she must cover up the furniture and close the rooms for the winter, as we are not going to Washington this season. But, my dear uncle, I hope that we shall go early in the spring."

"We shall go on the very first favorable opportunity, my dear, you may rely on that," answered the veteran.

And then the sight of Drusilla's unopened

letter reminded her of it, and she broke the seal and read it.

"Why, it is from Mamsy, and there is no absurdity in this one. She will be this way keep the instrument in time, and I should not at all wonder if in the process she should teach herself to play by ear. Oh, yes, I'll say that she understands the number of her tune," said Drusilla.

And then saying that General Lyon was seriously nodding, and that Dick was trying to smother a yawn, she lighted the wall-mural candles.

Anna put one in Dick's hand, and walked up the General.

And the party bade each other good-night, and went to their several rooms.

The earliest duties next day were spent in the business that brought Drusilla to Cedarwood—the engagement of her little school.

General Lyon, who had spent the best part of his long life in the agricultural pursuits, was gratified to judge correctly of such matters. And he pronounced everything connected with the farm to be very well ordered, and he complimented Mamsy" and her "old and tried" in the skill and fidelity with which they had administered affairs.

By ten o'clock the travelers were settled in their rooms, and had brought them to Cedarwood, but Drusilla was the only one who met the train at the second floor. After a late but light supper, they separated, and retired, delighted to be under shelter soundly.

The next morning, Drusilla looked for the first time upon the great American sunset, as she looked out upon the snow-clad earth and sky.

Then her point of view, she exported to see a thronged thoroughfare. She was agreeably disappointed. The cottage was situated upon a broad, clean, shady street, with a park on the opposite side, in which the house was a cottage.

While she stood at the window, General Lyon came to her side to take her morning's walk down in the public room, where at one of the fires Bruce and Anna and Dick already seated, and waiting for her.

"Ah! Good-morning!" cried Drusilla.

"This is the tenth," said Anna; "we have settled down at last to what we are to live on, and so we must be busy, Drusie."

"Yes," answered Drusilla.

"But first of all, we must go and take a look at our cottage, and see if any morning's paper that she got into port late last night," said the General.

"Yes, we must go and breakfast on some of

glanced around upon the velvet carpets, satin damask curtains, heavily gilded cornices, choral mirrors, and all the showy appointments of the drawing-room.

"This is number three, if you please, sir," said the steward, opening the ground glass gilded door of a state-room on the lower flat.

"Oh! yes; this is the place to which you will have to go to housekeeping for two weeks," said Dick, familiarly, throwing with a rush to invalids.

It was a clean, cosy den, with an upper and a lower berth, and a sofa, washstand, mirrors and drawers, and all that was required for convenience.

"Do you think you will be comfortable here?" inquired the General.

"I shall be very comfortable. This is the largest state-room I ever saw," said Dracie, glancing around approvingly, although she was too inexperienced to know that this was indeed one of the very best positions in the ship.

"And now we will see ours," said Dick.

And the steward led the party far away up in the bows of the steamer, where he showed them two large, three-cornered state-rooms, directly opposite each other.

Though their position was excellent, they were even much larger and much better furnished than was Drusilla's.

She smiled faintly and enjoyed her—bliss of ignorance.

They each inspected their future quarters, then left the steamer and returned to the hotel.

Drusilla had been feeling a little secret anxiety as to the subject of her boy.

But Master Lenny had neither been stolen, nor over, choked, bumped, or burned, or any other of the ways she had feared for him. He was quite well, and full of a subject which he called "medickle," and "pod tash"; and which was interpreted to mean a bran mash and a potato—a useful compound that had been playing in the pets of Bunker's great delight.

That evening our party went to the opera. The next day they visited the public gardens, and the islands in East River.

And then with sight-seeing or shopping all day long, and going to some place of amusement in the evening, they passed the time until the Saturday.

On that morning, at about ten o'clock, they embarked on board the Bucona, and took up their quarters in the state-rooms already described.

The Bucona sailed at twelve noon.

And after a voyage of ten days, which was so calm, pleasant and uneventful as to leave no incident worth recording, the Bucona reached the shores of the Old World.

[To be continued in our next.]

"AFTER WAR, PEACE."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Upon the whole, all things considered," said Rachel Fowler, as she concluded never to marry.

"I wouldn't if I were you!" growled Major Worsley—"never, never, never!" and he began to watch taking the trouble to marry—he, now the woman stooped.

Rachel's cheek flushed a little at the last clause of the cautionary sentence. Somehow, she hadn't spoken to Major Worsley, and it was like his officious interwedding to refer back the conversation with his unsolicited opinion.

Mrs. Troupe, the merry little hostess of that these unsympathetic guests, burst into a cheerful laugh.

"But we all know what a misanthrope you have become, Major!"

"Misanthrope, Madam! Well, we won't quarrel about words," said the Major, after a minute's reflection, "but I've been upset all the morning. Mrs. Troupe—completely upset. Took me out of a reverie leaving my window closed, instead of opening it two and three-quarter inches, according to my express direction; and the shower that was two degrees warmer than it should have been,—I give you my word, madam, it was, and the consequences are that my head is aching as if forty tiny hammers were at work inside of it, and I've a fulness over the left eye that is certainly one of the primary signs of apoplexy."

"I hope not, Major Seabury—"

"I hope not, you hope not, Mrs. Troupe, but that don't alter the state of affairs. And now in all this row I dont go for a walk—and that walk a walk will relieve my symptoms."

Saying which, the Major took his departure, growling in an undertone like a cross bear.

Rachel Fowler had been glancing over the accounts of her little charity school, but she could not restrain a smile at the Major's wrath. She was a pretty, middle-sized girl, with a tall, slender figure, a fine forehead, a fair complexion, and a fair, sweet, feminine, loaded by many braids of blue-black hair. Mrs. Troupe saw the smile.

"I know what you are thinking, Rachel; and indeed, under all that mask of eccentricity, he is a noble specimen of a man."

"Do you know, Mrs. Troupe," said blue Fowler, "that one of the most unfortunate results of the war the world calls an old maid, I should be regret to be confidite by daily contact with that man."

"Rachel—"

"I hate him, Mrs. Troupe. And now don't tell me anything further about me Major Seabury, but help me with these little flannel vests for Mrs. Corn's child."

"Really, Rachel," pleaded her friend, "you would make wonderfully pretty a union with that brave and noble man."

But Rachel only laughed, and went on with Troupe's beadle carpet with paper patterns for flannel vests.

"I am happier just as I am," said Rachel. "But you, Major, was not destined to hear the last of the selfish antipathy between her gossip just yet.

"That Miss Fowley is a dreadfully selfish girl," complained Major Seabury that evening.

"Rachel selfish!"

"She has been bent and closed the door, simply because the draught annoys her. Only think of it, Mrs. Troupe,—after persons coughing and sneezing for hours because Fowley don't like a draught!—It is outrageous, ma'am—it's outrageous!"

"Yes—but, Major—"

"Excuse me, ma'am, I shall go and walk up and down the hall; there I can get as much outrage as I wish!"

And, for minutes afterwards, Mrs. Troupe heard the Major lecturing the servants on the unselfishness of wearing rubber clumsies.

"Dear me," sighed Mrs. Troupe to her husband, when at last they were alone in the dining-room together, "it's enough to make one despair of the success of human calculation. I invited Rachel here on purpose that she and the Major should fall in love, and now they hate each other more exceedingly.

"Rachel is cold and old maidish," said Mr. Troupe.

"So is the Major," laughed his wife.

"I tell you what, my dear," said Mr. Troupe, "I would avoid match-making more than ever, if I were you. Let Rachel preach women's rights, and the Major talk over vague hints and lies on Graham bread; it suits them, and it's no business of ours."

So the week passed away, and Rachel and the Major hardly noticed one another.

"Anything but a whimsical, lemy-woums?" said Mrs. Troupe Major Seabury.

"Deliver me from a fussy old bachelor!" murmured Miss Fowley.

"Rachel, the Major is getting away to-morrow," said Mrs. Troupe, one lovely autumn day.

"Is he?" I'm glad of it!"

Miss Fowley went on her afternoon walk—and when she returned, towards dusk, the house was full of bustle and confusion.

"Why, what is the matter?" she asked of one of the servants.

"There has been a fire down at the lodge, ma'am, and the Major is hurt!"

"Major Seabury?" said Rachel, shrugging her shoulders, "I should have supposed he was the last man in the world to offer any assistance or to stand in need of it."

Poor me, he climbed up the back stairs when the engine-house was burned down, and then down; and then he went back for little Joe, that was frightened and fell asleep, and he found the child, and brought it down safe and sound. But he got hurt, Mrs. Troupe, with a falling beam, there and one of us, Miss, but wishes we could have our dear Major to him!"

"I was not aware that Major Seabury was so very much beloved by the servants," said Rachel.

"They all just worship him, Miss. He has no ways to be sure, but he's the best friend we've got."

Rachel went slowly up stairs, thinking in her own mind that it was foolish to attach any importance to the idle chatter of servants; that the Major was probably not much beloved after all; and that upon the whole he was not so much of a misanthrope, and that he was a brave man, and the drawing-room.

"Well, I'm pretty comfortable just now!" he said, rubbing his hands.

"I'm glad of it," replied, indifferently.

"It's too bad that this should have happened the very day I started for home!"

"Why, too bad?"

"Why, because you just going to Europe. Of course you knew the secret of his living here—because he was a bit of a misanthrope, and sat heir of the Seabuys of Grant-Sea, Wales!"

"No, I did not."

"Well, I'm glad to prove what a splendid fellow he is. His brother—the eldest son—was extravagant fool—lived recklessly, and died unexpected, leaving a heavy inheritance of debts. The estate was mortgaged, and he found the ruin. Now these debts were in no way his responsibility, but his father was rich, and equally was he responsible for their discharge. So he came over here, sacrificed all the ready he could and drained the estate in order that his brother's children should be fully provided for—regular piece of Quixotism,—and yet one can't help loving and respecting him, Quixotic as he know, Miss Fowley!"

Rachel was silent, and Mr. Troupe went on:

"And now, at last, when every rest of the debts is settled and Seabuy was going to his own home, and his own, in the face of all the world, this settlement—this fire—this accident—if ever there was an unlucky Fate, this be one."

"Is he anything the worse?" asked Rachel, in a low tone.

"Why, I believe—but I'll tell him you inquired."

Rachel Fowley was not a girl who liked to be caught in a trap, after which one must go, but she began to feel that she had not quite done her self-possession justice.

She was passing through the hall, a few days afterwards, when the servant who was in the act of carrying—rices that proceeded from the bell-wire, gave the latter a violent screw.

"But, if you please, Major—"

"But I tell you I don't please—and I won't please! Hold your confounded tongue! You up there, Miss Fowley? Do you hear me? I'm at Cossack, to expect people to sit up all night, when I'm sick and in pain all day in my own house? Do you suppose I haven't any compassion—any charity for my fellow-men?"

"But, sir, the wet clothes on your arm?"

"Let them go to the devil! I'll do without them for a while."

"But, sir—"

"Will you go, or shall I throw the bowl of gruel at your head?"

Thomas retreated into the hall, where he met Miss Fowley face to face.

"Never mind, Thomas, I'll see to the bandages—"

"Thank you, Miss, I couldn't rest if some one didn't look after the Major—he's so terrible bad."

The Major—poor fellow, he was sunken-eyed and pale—looked a most unwilling subject for Miss Fowley as she entered.

"I am very sorry to see you, Mr. Fowley."

"It will be no trouble," she said, quietly, taking off the cloth which was to be soaked, and beginning to dip cloths in some soothing lotion.

"Thank you, madam," said he, and only he would have spoken to Longley for new drops."

"I'm I don't mind, Major."

"Because you are a strong-minded woman, and your nerves are not like the rest of your weaker sex, your precious time and misapprehending your motives."

The color rose to Rachel's cheek, but she went on with her work, speaking to the Major Seabury, maliciously delighting in the success of her self-possessed severe, and unmoved by wicked deliberation.

The bandaged wounds were out of place in a sick-room—gentle fingers and soothing touches were what Major Seabury needed.

Rachel laid the bandages over the fevered arm with delicate precision.

"Does it feel better now?"

"Yes, I thank you for my fortune!"

Rachel sat beside him, gently renewing the cooling applications, while the crimson flush yet lingered on her cheek, and the dewy sparkle in her eyes.

Suddenly the Major spoke abruptly.

"I have your wonders why you came here, Miss Fowley. I know your heart is with charity and good and benevolent causes."

Rachel burst into tears; this last taunt was too much.

"Major Seabury, what have I done to deserve this? Indeed, indeed, I never gave you a second opportunity thus to hurt my feelings. From this moment we part."

"Rachel—you are not going?"

"Ought I to my hero, after this, Major Seabury?"

"Of course you ought! Don't you know better than to stretch any importance to a sick man's silly petulance. I'm sorry I said it, Rachel—I'm very much in the Rachel-Fowley line."

But Rachel—not so "strong-minded," after all—still cried gently on.

"Rachel," pleaded the Major, "I've been a heroine—and—a—romance. Will that satisfy you? No? Then I may as well out with my greatest secret, which I intended to have kept with me. I love you, Rachel! I have learned to love you with that deepest love upon earth—that of suffering. I know I'm a rough, savage sort of a fellow, and you are so far above me as the stars shine above the earth!"

"Pish! Don't talk so!"

"I must talk so, Rachel!"

"You are depriving all those bandages—you are getting feverish."

"I don't care for you at all, Miss Fowley, if you are not!"

"But I care, Rachel."

His hollow eyes brightened with sudden fire.

"That's enough, darling! Bedlam the bandages—I'll not move again. Sooth pain is nothing while the heart is so very, very glad!"

And so Rachel stooped to adjust the wrappings, she left a soft, fragrant kiss—that kiss which was scarcely a kiss upon the burning brow of the wounded man, and then turned from the subject so near to their hearts.

"Is she old enough?" I have not let the antipodes meet every day of our lives? Everybody pronounced that Miss Fowley and Miss Fowley would not be happy together, but Major Seabury and Miss Fowley are blissfully happy—a body most extraordinarily. There never was a more devoted husband than the Major has been!

"I know how it would be all along," said Mrs. Troupe, "only I wish you'd make a match-making again, sir!"

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,
AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TYRANT," "VANQUISH YOUR FOES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

Vainly did Inez attempt to conceal from her husband the terrible agitation which shook her frame. He questioned her so closely that he succeeded in obtaining from her the entire story of Mrs. Perkins arrival at the Glades with the intelligence that Ralph was going to be married. She remained but a few moments, as she was anxious to be on the scene of action, and left a small bevvy of nay causes to serve the cause of love.

Ralph was seated at a game table with Mr. Lesdale over what he termed "a social game of cards," when Inez entered. She was quite unexpected, having a heavy inheritance of debts to settle, and Mr. Lesdale had no funds at his rich. Now these debts were in no way his responsibility, but his father was rich, and equally was he responsible for their discharge. So he came over here, sacrificed all the ready he could and drained the estate in order that his brother's children should be fully provided for—regular piece of Quixotism,—and yet one can't help loving and respecting him, Quixotic as he know, Miss Fowley!"

Rachel was silent, and Mr. Troupe went on:

"And now, at last, when every rest of the debts is settled and Seabuy was going to his own home, and his own, in the face of all the world, this settlement—this fire—this accident—if ever there was an unlucky Fate, this be one."

"Is he anything the worse?" asked Rachel, in a low tone.

"Why, I believe—but I'll tell him you inquired."

Rachel Fowley was not a girl who liked to be caught in a trap, after which one must go, but she began to feel that she had not quite done her self-possession justice.

She was passing through the hall a few days afterwards, when the servant who was in the act of carrying—rices that proceeded from the bell-wire, gave the latter a violent screw.

"But, if you please, Major—"

"But I tell you I don't please—and I won't please! Hold your confounded tongue! You up there, Miss Fowley? Do you hear me? I'm at Cossack, to expect people to sit up all night, when I'm sick and in pain all day in my own house? Do you suppose I haven't any compassion—any charity for my fellow-men?"

"But, sir, the wet clothes on your arm?"

"Let them go to the devil! I'll do without them for a while."

"But, sir—"

"Will you go, or shall I throw the bowl of gruel at your head?"

Thomas retreated into the hall, where he met Miss Fowley face to face.

"Never mind, Thomas, I'll see to the bandages—"

"Thank you, Miss, I couldn't rest if some one didn't look after the Major—he's so terrible bad."

The Major—poor fellow, he was sunken-eyed and pale—looked a most unwilling subject for Miss Fowley as she entered.

"I am very sorry to see you, Mr. Fowley."

"It will be no trouble," she said, quietly, taking off the cloth which was to be soaked, and beginning to dip cloths in some soothing lotion.

"Thank you, madam," said he, and only he would have spoken to Longley for new drops."

"I'm I don't mind, Major."

"Because you are a strong-minded woman, and your nerves are not like the rest of your weaker sex, your precious time and misapprehending your motives."

The color rose to Rachel's cheek, but she went on with her work, speaking to the Major Seabury, maliciously delighting in the success of her self-possessed severe, and unmoved by wicked deliberation.

The bandaged wounds were out of place in a sick-room—gentle fingers and soothing touches were what Major Seabury needed.

Rachel laid the bandages over the fevered arm with delicate precision.

"Does it feel better now?"

"Yes, I thank you for my fortune!"

Rachel sat beside him, gently renewing the cooling applications, while the crimson flush yet lingered on her cheek, and the dewy sparkle in her eyes.

Suddenly the Major spoke abruptly.

"I have your wonders why you came here, Miss Fowley. I know your heart is with charity and good and benevolent causes."

Rachel burst into tears; this last taunt was too much.

"Major Seabury, what have I done to deserve this? Indeed, indeed, I never gave you a second opportunity thus to hurt my feelings. From this moment we part."

"Rachel—you are not going?"

"Ought I to my hero, after this, Major Seabury?"

"Not much; but I will make a state of it, and of course I shall use my best efforts to serve you in every way that is possible. An estate like the one mine will be given up without a struggle, and your daughter is the lawful heiress. Who is to say that I will to whom you believe Miss Lesdale?"

"A Miss Gordon, who is her companion. She is refined, handsome, and unprejudiced, and is an incredibly lucid space of time she has acquired such influence over my absent sister-in-law that she can induce her to do anything she pleases."

"Sharp girl that; she must be worth knowing. I believe I understand the whole case now, Mr. Lopez, and I will return to town at once to consult with my junior partner, Mr. Crowder, as to what is best to be done with reference to Wilkins. He knows his very well; in fact, I think they have had some business transactions with each other, and perhaps he will be able to give me some hold on the young man more tangible than any you have brought me with. Good afternoon, sir; I shall let you know how we progress, and if anything important turns up I will come out to confer with you in person. Your servant, Miss Lopez, be sure that I shall do my best to serve so fair a client as yourself."

Mr. Crampton politely bowed himself out with many unmeaning assurances, and Mr. Lopez and his daughter endeavored to believe that they were in the judicious and competent hands.

Mr. Crampton softly chuckled to himself as he rode toward Newport, for the idea of seeking for information about Wilkins had not dawned on his small will him on claims based on so vague a foundation as the statement of a disappointed rival.

But he possessed any certainty that the will in question had actually been made, his interest in the case would have been enlisted, and all the professional acumen been brought in play in its discovery; but he regarded the statement as a trifle. Lopez so simply a ludicrous remedy by opposing to it the will of Wilkins, which he knew to be in existence, and which he had not the least doubt would be found entirely indifferent success.

He arrived in town, and in a joyful tone cried out:

"Ellis, Uah, what's on now? Old Lopez sent for you, I learned from the open door I found on the office, and he found you were engaged in dreaming his fingers on the arm of a large chair in the front office, and with his feet upon the table, his feet on the balm-covered table that filled up the room.

His was a good-humored but reckless looking face, with a laughing lie in of those countenances that beholden to all the world, and which have induced the respectable Crampton to retain him in his office. Confidence was misplaced and he was making such efforts as were possible to keep it, when he failed of success, as only very indifferent success.

He looked around, and in a joyful tone cried out:

"Ellis, Uah, what's on now? Old Lopez sent for you, I learned from the open door I found on the office, and he found you

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better dodge than that; for fact I've tried it already, and made my bargain."

Crowder ignored his eyes to their utmost width, and faltered:

"—I don't understand you."

"But you soon will. I have taken pains to find out every thing concerning Miss Loges' affairs. Her aunt, who is almost at her last gasp, holds the property in trust for her, and has the right to give it to any one she may name. She has named Mr. Loges, who has suffered herself tacitly to be rivalled by Mrs. Hawks' effections by a gentleman who picked up some where as a companion. The supposition is that she has given him to suck his pap-s, and actually willed the whole of her large fortune to him Miss Gordon."

"It is shameful—it must not stand!"

"But how can you prevent it? Old Manly was sent for yesterday to make the will, and I called there to-day to collect the fee for him. You know that is my chief business since I commenced practice, and, as Manly's hands go, should be often employ me in that way."

He paused, and Crowder glared savagely on him as he asked:

"How did you find out what disposition has been made of the property? Manly would hardly tell you that."

"But he did though. He was in a great worry about the law of the land, and, as I looked like decr, and took me—in-la, his late his confidence. He complimented my shrewdness, and told me of a loan he had snatched when involved for the benefit of a young lady to would not name. But, of course, I knew who he referred to without any assistance from him. He wanted me to help him discover who had robbed him, and we went to the State Men. Now, I have made a most unjust will, leaving the whole of her property to Miss Gordon, which is seem, she has robbed."

"The wretch will could be recovered, the proceedings must by here would be costly an sable; and he offered me five hundred dollars if I could succeed in giving a clue to the person who had robbed him. Five hundred dollars! as if that was anything to me! I would undertake to get a cool one hundred thousand for withholding it!"

Crowder looked aghast.

"A hundred thousand dollars! What are you talking about, William? Have you lost your senses?"

"Not I, old fellow. I am particularly sane and sensible, and I tell you, if you will assist me, I'll put the Gordon girl will give me that when the will lady Hicks—and she can't live much longer."

"How do you know that?"

"Humph! Never mind. I shall tell you, for you dare not 'beach. *She told me so herself.*"

"She—she—Miss Gordon said you that! How on earth did you get within speach of her?"

"Why, I called to see her, by virtue of you will fetion to me. Of course I accepted the commission given me by old Manly, and promised to do my best to recover the lost trust. He gave me his old address, and I went to it—that is, to Mrs. Hawks' rooms.

"I was satisfied, but not to the presence of the old lady herself, she was too much indisposed to see any one but her nurse, and Miss Gordon, of—and such a woman! She is a dream! a fairy! a goddess! but this rustic dress is an outrage upon her beauty. She ought to be arrayed in satin—and such a woman should be. She has a soul that looks out of her eyes, and a mind to talk with her than with any other girl I ever

is a common attempt. But she was ready for me. She knew all of the loss and Manly had sustained,—in fact knew all about it, and she frankly informed me that nothing could be done, as that the Horton will should not be forthcoming.

"I hardly believed we got that far along, but we seemed to understand each other immediately. Of course, I—that is, Manly—had to cut the matter short, we came to a distinct understanding, and when Mrs. Hawks' estate comes into Miss Gordon's possession, I am to deliver up the will in exchange for the sum I have named. Beyond doubt, too, when you come to think of it, the girl will make at least double the hundred thousand clear by the operation, for she might as well have handed over the whole as she was on my mercy. Now, do you think that she will refuse to pay any price that I see to get this will in my hands?"

"I—I barely think he would, because you ask me such a question. But, William, you are not meditating the out of it. By Jove! William, this is too bad! I will not mean to do any thing so very wrong when I suck it. I—I've been nasty to you, and Miss Loges for months, though I never exchanged a word with her till this night (a mistake!) and I foolishly thought that I might indemnify myself for it by helping you to the money you require but to her benefactor. There—the truth is out, and you may make the most of it!"

William leaned back, and stared at him in a sort of wonder. Was this a friend of his?

"That's a bad look out for you, old fellow, for she is engaged to be married."

"How do you know? Who told you such a thing as that? I never heard a word of it."

"It is true nevertheless. I manage to find out most things, and this is no secret. Young Fenton, that magnificently handsome young brother, who came to the bonds of the Hicks girls at Newport last year, is the man. His Lady Loges is very much pleased with the match, and he could be coaxed together to-day to-morrow."

"But—but—Fenton makes no company. How did he make love to her?"

"Met her in New York—helped her out of a mess on Broadway, was wounded all of a heap, fell over head and ears in love, and for once, I believe, was accepted. Wish I was in such a great fix."

Crowder looked steadily at him for several moments, and then brusquely asked:

"Why do you want me to help you?"

"Is bring you to your senses, to be sure. And now let me have a plain talk with reference to yourself. I intend to be liberal with you, Ben, but, first of putting the matter of putting this spot in my hands. When my fortune comes in, I will—that is, I will give you twenty-five per cent on it, and that will make the neat sum of so many thousand dollars. What do you say to that now? Don't you think it is a prospect worth trying? you would be likely to get from the other side?"

Crowder was evidently ruminating for a long time, but William waited patiently till he spoke in a great deal.

"I've a good mind to blow the whole thing to the devil, and have done with it!" he said.

"Pooh! what would you gain by that? You would only ruin yourself, bring Hughes into trouble, and do me no harm! for you would have nothing to expect from your disappointment. No one could swear that I took the will from its hiding place, and I should not be brought to any criminate myself. What I say to you without a witness you couldn't bring up against me; so come, old fellow, take up my offer, for you'll never have such a chance as half as good. Miss Loges pays a thousand a year, and that is enough to live on in Paradise with Eve!"

"If I could only lay my hands on Hughes, we could, with the assistance of Mr. Lopez and his daughter, make out a good case against you."

"Ah, hah! What's the use of threats! They don't alarm me at all. Hughes dare not show his face after stealing that note of his, and making away with it. When old Manly finds out it is gone, he'll be looking sharply enough after him. I rather think the Ann is on his way to Texas by this time, and he was quite right to get out of the way. You see, I'm the man who, Ben, for you helped him to punish it, besides the additional one I have in my pocket-book in the gentlemanly if you are fool enough to play the part of a martyr, and refuse to accept my offer, Hughes would have no pity for an unsuccessful villain, my boy, as you may know by this time."

"Come, old fellow, sharpen up and look on the bright side of this affair. You are devilish hard up, I know, and the money will be very nice to come so you before long will extricate you from all your difficulties, and leave a handsome surplus after your debts are paid. I am so sure of my success that I don't mind making you an advance, for I am in funds just now. I have two fifties in my pocket-book that are at your service, and maybe you can double them before the night is over."

"Or less them in that cursed place that is well named a hell!" cried Crowder, impetuously. "It is the real pandemonium I don't believe there can be found a worse devil than you are, Sam. Whatever, for you are tempting me to commire at the blackest villainy a man can think of. Still, as assists in defrauding this girl, I shall go down to the lowest depths of infamy, and I will be as treacherous that ever man was."

"Very true; and now, as all the trouble is on me, for I am bound to take it, with you for my companion, I can do no more than wish you good success, though, mind you, I have my own small share in the affair, and I would again, and with my share of interest. I shall cut the whole concern, and go to Europe to live a life of fashion. In fact, I have been thinking that the beautiful Miss Gordon is worthy of the whole fortune by marrying that sharp girl who was so quickly supplanted by me as a kindred spirit. If I can only accomplish that, old fellow, I'll give you ten thousand dollars, and that is my last offer that, now?"

Crowder regarded him with a dull stare, in which anger and admiration were almost equally blended.

His astute companion considered him a beaten man, and, therefore, began the moment of silence needed in difficulties, incapable of extricating himself, to discuss the matter coolly, and from shrewder brains than he possessed. He at once perceived that Crowder was vacillating, though secret gossiper, and the tempter who now sought to win him to his purpose never doubted what it would be. He knew that, himself, he was the only friend he had, and strength to contend against him.

After a long pause, he fretfully said:

"I don't see why you should read the principal part of the business for me, and I am strongly of. Even if I consent to a division of the spoil, I am entitled to a larger share than you, for I can't count with certainty on more than a few months' possession. That girl will never consent to marry you, and you can't force her to it."

"If I don't force her, that can. Ithink my chance pretty good, considering the hold I have over her. I would make short work of her father for pleases my fancy; she's a regular clipper, and so satisfied."

"She's a regular swindler, and nothing less; and you'll find it out to your cost if you ever set herself from the consequences of what she has done. Consider that she has got all the property in her own hands now. That will of Mrs. Hawks' would not be worth the paper it was written on."

The face of William lost something of its impassive composure as he contemptuously and coolly spoke. He laughed falsely, and said:

"Your suspicions are groundless. Well, perhaps it will be best to let Miss Gordon off with a few thousands, and I will see what I can do you. But, if you are not satisfied with what I propose, you can have the whole of the two thousand more to your plot. That is nearly a third of the sum I have named, and I am sure that I have taken all the trouble, and the risk of the affair will be on my head, and not on yours."

"I might say yes to that, but I am not going to be cheated out of all the old woman gives me. I'll have my share of the business, or I'll expose me just now, and I shall come to grief if I don't get enough to make me comfortable."

Wilkins reflected a few moments, and then said:

"I have saved up two thousand dollars, and I will give you that if you will agree to accept it as that you can square up and have something left to keep you from starving. I can't do more. I've been done cruelly you, Ben."

"Two thousand! but this bait would prove irresistible to his needy and extravagant lieutenant.

Crowder suddenly put forth his hand, and grasped that of his friend.

"Nerds must when the d—d drives. I don't see anything else for it, Sam, and I suppose I need not be so anxious to secure a great fortune for Miss Gordon than you are, since you have a man. Perhaps Fenton won't have her if she loses her money, and you can console yourself with him. Forke over those bills, and give me an order for the money. I am sick of this business, and will run myself, and blow on John Bludgeon to serve a writ upon you, and get the money from the court."

Wilkins grasped his hand, shook it heartily, and said:

"That's the right spirit, old fellow. I thought I should get you to see your own and your best interests lay. Save yourself in preference to all the rest, and you will be sure to have a fine thing to look after you, I can tell you. Here is the money. Now, you will be off at once, and as the nine hundred, you must give me your solemn promise that you will go to the end of the contract, and there mustn't be any whining about disappointment in love, or any thing else."

"I understand; where's the book? I am ready to write, and you to compare it with your memo. I only hope that the old woman won't be in the way of recovering. She is sure to die, or wait for my inheritance."

"Not for my life unless a month's insurance. She can't live many weeks, for she has fits that get worse. Ah, decline and fall! that is the end of a sudden and characteristic revulsion of feeling, and Crowder's face was pale as death.

Wilkins sneered as he put out the light and prepared to leave the room, with a sense of triumphant security.

"That's gone now to put the private gaming-place, and as likely as not he'll be cleaned out again before morning. Well, I shall effect a pretty big gaining swindle, for he has made my fortune for me in more ways than one. Now, I shall be able to make that girl marry me now? I believe I could do it, for she would not dare to say no, if I threatened her with exposure and ruin. But then she is so dainty as I am, and I have a proud of her agreement with me. All the world would be at my feet, and I should be able to go ahead for a hundred thousand dollars in exchange for the will, when she comes into possession of the Horton estate. Of course she'll burn it as soon as she gets it, and all we shall have to do will be to keep our own counsel. So, I think I had better not play the spooney on such a lasting game as that might be, though I'll swear she is the most tempting piece of millinery I ever came across."

THE DISASTERS OF A DAY.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

It was a glowing morning in August that we left home. It were the inhabitants of our household, and the the that bound us together in no stronger than the mere fact that we were sheltered beneath the same roof, and fed at the same board.

But we resolved to have a day's pleasuring, no matter how incongruous the elements which composed our party, or how unpromising those skyey ones on which the sunrise of the afternoon so much depended. Nevertheless, "man proposes, and God disposes."

Why should we be content with the sham pleasure of the city, when real country was so near and so accessible?

The fact of our excursion had been long fixed upon, but the time had been subject to several postponements. The "first fine day" was at last decided on, and now it had come, and the expedition was, in the language of a certain favorite member of our party, "bound to come off."

So breakfast was hurried over, and we set out—a lively company. We found some shade up-town, and were bound to a certain point several southern extremity of Manhattan Island, whence a small steamer took its departure at a certain hour, and to any one directed within our confidence.

Arrived at the dock, what a hurrying and scurrying ensued. Our provisions had to be first embarked in the midst of it, and at a serious risk. Including members of our party joined us here. Our loyal luxuriary proceeded himself to the choice of fruit in his hand, and a huge melon under each arm. There were one or two gentlemen, however, whose hands were concealed by straw. The baskets and hampers from home were loaded with our belongings. Every awkwardly allowed one to fall, and the contents were scattered. The broken portion of the party, and a modicum of shrill laughter from the owner, who heard with no knows what approbation the curious crash of glass within which caused them such comfort at both ends.

At length, disembarkation of animate and inanimate freight, transit and embarkation were accomplished. The boat was cast off, and we designated the party, was safely on board. Everybody—twas my by the way, in the confusion and rambling about, dropped a small parcel, which was left behind. The puff of steam through a pipe, and we were off before the astonished eyes of the dock, as constantly wet, and seemingly through the muddy eddies of the—forgive me for weak, billowed.

And then the unseasoned hamper was made to undergo an examination. Sundry ominous saints in every form that covered the viands gave token of concealed mischief. And soon, the inevitable smashed, the bottle of pickles and the preserves were found broken and oozing, and the bread

FLY AWAY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Fly away, fly away,
 With a song and a smile,
Fly away, fly away
 To that dear, little isle,
Where no tumult disturbs,
 And the smallest green bowers
Seem made for the shrines
 Of the mammonless hours.

II.

Fly away, fly away,
 And the long sighed-for clime
Shall be blest by the harps
 With a soul-soothing rhyme,
That shall seem like an echo
 There goldenly rolled
From the paradise-choirs
 Of the poets of old.

III.

Fly away, fly away,
 With a song and a smile—
For the summer, at last,
 Calls us all to the isle;
Not for ignoble sleep,
 But for long-needed rest,
That shall give us new strength
 For the wars of the West.

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XIII.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

"BREAKER'S AHEAD!"

The Southeast trade-wind gave us good logs upon our course until we reached the thirtieth degree of South latitude, where we entered the region of variable winds, in which the North-westerly currents predominated; and even here we were very seldom called upon to keep a taut bowline, being most of the time able to lie upon our course with a few points to spare.

Capt. Matthews, after he had seen his ship safely out of reach of the hurricane, took to his bunk, and gave up duty entirely, for he could no longer hide from himself the unwelcome fact that he had a settled fever. Had he taken it in season he might have thrown off the sickness with but little trouble, but he had held on until his strength was entirely exhausted, so that his recuperative powers were not worth much. However, Mr. Colver, the supercargo, took him in charge, and when he had once gained a physician's authority he shut the captain up, and placed him under rigid discipline

Of course, the sickness of the captain devolved the command upon Mr. Drake, and the ship could not have been better handled than he handled her. Not a point, below, or aloft, escaped his attention. Every lift, truss, brace, bowline and backstay, was sure to be looked to; and when he had pronounced his final "belay," you might depend upon it that everything was as it should be.

On the morning of the first day of January we were struck by a squall which came very near laying our ship upon her beam ends; but Mr. Sanborn, who had the deck, showed himself equal to the emergency, and got her out of the scrape without even splitting a sail. But himself he did not bring out so safely. During the swinging of the main yard he got his foot caught in a coil of the running part of the weather main brace, which threw him suddenly over, and drew him up to the sheve, where his ancle stopped the ponderous yard. We got him clear as soon as possible, and at first we feared that the leg was broken; but upon examination it turned out that a severe sprain was the extent of the injury; but even that laid him up as effectually for a while as though his leg had been crushed in pieces. After the supercargo had bathed and bandaged the swollen limb, he announced that entire rest for several days at least would be necessary; and so thought the sufferer himself when he found how powerless he had become.

This accident brought a still more heavy duty upon Mr. Drake. By the sickness of the captain he had been called, at times, to do almost double duty, and now he had to hold himself in readiness to answer calls at all hours of the day and night; for our boatswain, though a grand, good sailor, was not equal to the emergency of taking command. As a third mate, Jo. Long was as "good as gold." No man could haul out a reef-earing in a gale of wind better than could he; no man could hand a sail more quickly or neatly; and no man could steer a ship more surely; but when he came to feel the weight of command upon his shoulders—when he came to feel that upon his judgment and decision depended the safety of the ship—it was more than he could bear. The very things which he could have done without an effort while he had a superior to lean upon, became mountains in his way when dependant upon himself alone. And so Mr. Drake came to have the whole load to carry. He and Long were the only two officers left for duty, and he had not only to stand his own watch, but also to be on deck much of the time during the other watch.

On the very next day after Mr. Sanborn received his injury the weather became bad, and during eight and forty hours Mr. Drake was on deck most of the time, gaining not more than half an hour for sleep at any one time. At length I saw that the over-worked man was becoming nervous and excited, and I very soon made up my mind that he was resorting to stimulants to sustain his drooping energies. I noticed it first on the morning of the third day of January. He had been up most of the night, and looked worn and haggard. After breakfast, however, he was as "smart as a trap," and seemed to care nothing for the extra labor that had been heaped upon him. Of course, I felt uneasy; for I knew very well that he was under the influence of liquor. For a man who could control himself the amount he had drank would have had no danger; but for Jonathan Drake it could only be the incentive to more and more; and I feared that he might drink enough to unfit him for his command.

At noon I brought up my sextant. Long and myself got the sun, and found its altitude; but Drake had not caught it at its meridian height. We were in latitude 34 degrees and 52 minutes South; longitude 25 degrees and 46 minutes East; which indicated that we were off the Bay of Algoa, and that our course should be changed.

Since the captain's sickness I had been his constant attendant when not needed on deck, and it had come to pass that all his orders had been sent through me, and that from me he had derived most of his information touching the condition of the ship; so it was natural that Long should speak with me upon the subject of Drake's danger.

"Beck., my boy, I'm afeared he's goin' on bad; and we're too nigh to the coast to run much risk. I can lay the ship upon her course; but I don't like to interfere with Mr. Drake."

Before I could reply the chief mate came up to where we stood.

"Look here, boys," said he, with but a very slight show of the effects of liquor, "I know what you're consulting about, and I know that I've given you occasion; but hold on. Don't, for God's sake, say anything to the captain,—and I give you my word that I don't touch another drop."

"Do you know where we are, Mr. Drake?" asked Long.

"Yes," was the answer. "We're off the headlands of Algoa; and I'll see to it that the old ship is kept all right."

"Then that's enough," said the boatswain.

Mr. Drake cast a beseeching look towards me, and I told him that he had nothing to fear.

"For the captain's own sake," said I, "I would not have him think there is any trouble. Were he to suspect such a thing he would be on deck in a minute, and it might be the death of him."

Mr. Drake went below and laid out the chart of the Cape Colony coast, and shortly afterwards came up and gave the helmsman his course. I kept a careful watch upon him during the remainder of the day, and was satisfied that he was keeping his promise.

Mr. Drake kept the last dog-watch, and at eight o'clock Mr. Long relieved him, taking charge of the starboard watch, which he kept until midnight, when Mr. Drake again came up with the larboard watch to stand until four o'clock in the morning. From eight o'clock until about ten we had the wind light and variable, but at that time it had come out fresh from the southward and westward, so that we had been braced up pretty sharply on the larboard tack, as our course was very near West.

"You haven't made much headway," said Drake, as he ran his eye over the reckoning which Long had made on the slate.

"Not a great deal," replied Jo.

"I think I shall give her a little more freedom of sheet," pursued the first mate, closing the slate, and sliding it into its place in the binnacle. "We can let her off to a due westerly course without danger. We are pretty well south—farther than there is any need of."

"Do as you think best, Mr. Drake, only be careful, for we want sea-room in these quarters."

Drake said he'd look out for all that, and then Long and I went below.

"I wish," said the boatswain, as he descended to the cabin, "that I'd kept more of the reckonin' myself."

"Do you think there can be any danger?" I asked him.

"No, no," he replied, "I don't think that; but then there'd be some satisfaction in knowing just exactly how level Drake's head had been. Howsumever, we won't fret. We'll take a good observation, and make a careful reckoning tomorrow."

Before turning in, I looked into the captain's state-room and found him awake; and having given him an account of our courses and distances since dark, and answered such questions as he had to ask, I turned to leave.

"Hold on a moment, Beck. I hope Mr. Drake isn't making too much allowance for the southerly current here. Have you heard him say anything about it?"

I told him I had not.

"Never mind," he added, "I'll see him myself in the morning."

After I reached my own bunk, it occurred to me that that was what Mr. Drake had meant when he said the ship would bear a freer sheet. He had, perhaps, taken into account the direction of the ocean current when he had concluded to take a due westerly course. But it was not worth while to go back now. There could be no danger before morning. So I turned in and went to sleep, but sleep did not come to my pillow as usual. I thought of the man who had all our lives in his hands, and I wondered if he would keep the pledge he had made to Long and myself. "Of course he will," I said to myself, and then I shut my eyes, determined to sleep. I had a faint idea of the freshing of the wind, and I thought the ship was bowling along more freely than she had been doing when I left the deck; and with the reflection that the fresher the breeze the more rapidly I was nearing home, my faculties were lost in slumber.

I was awakened by hearing McGuire at Mr. Long's door, calling him for his watch; and as I had turned in "all standing," (in sea-going parlance, full-dressed,) I had nothing to do but turn out and hurry on deck.

"Is everything right?" I heard Long ask of Hod.

And the youngster answered:

"Every thing's right enough with the ship, sir; but I guess the sooner you get on deck the better 'will be for Mister Drake."

When I reached the deck I found the ship spanking along at a merry pace, with her sheets flowing and her top-gallant sails set above full topsails. I cast a glance at the compass, and found her heading west north-west.

"Hallo! Beck., my old boy! aint we stiverin' of it off, eh?"

And Mr. Drake staggered up, and put his hand upon my shoulder.

I will not attempt to set down his words. He was drunk, and he talked to me in a foolish, drunken way. He told me if he could have the deck all the time, he'd have us at home before the month was out. He had got thus far when Long came up; and as quickly as possible I slipped to Jo's side and whispered to him to get Drake below before he said a word about the condition of the ship; for I knew—and he knew, as soon as he came to consider, that any thing like fault-finding would keep the drunken man in argument.

Mr. Drake approached the third mate as he had approached me; and, after boasting of the great things he had done in the way of carrying sail and hugging the homeward course, he offered to stand the coming watch; but Long managed to get him as far as the companionway, and proposed to help him down the ladder; at which offer of assistance Drake laughed contemptuously; and, to show how little he needed it, he seized the man-rope and started down. He had got about half-way down when he lost his balance, and the rest of the distance was made by the run.

He rolled over and over as far as the table, where he lay as though senseless. McGuire stood by the companionway, looking upon the scene; and Long sent him down to see if the man was hurt; and then, without waiting for the result in that quarter, the officer started to the binnacle and took a hurried survey below and aloft. Gowan was at the wheel, not having been relieved; and of him the boatswain inquired how long the ship had been standing on her present course. His reply told the whole story.

Mr. Drake had brought a flask of rum on deck with him, and had been down once during the watch to re-fill it. At about half-past one, he had the reefs shaken out of the main top-sail; and at two, he had changed the course from west to north-west, which was held half an hour, when she was brought up to west-north-west. Several of the men had proposed to call the third officer, but Drake had suspected their design and had kept a strict guard over the companionway.

"If there'd been any sign of danger," said Gowan, in conclusion, "we should have called you, sir, even if we'd had to use force; but we didn't see any, so we thought we'd let him run his watch out."

At this juncture McGuire returned, and reported that Mr. Drake wasn't hurt, and that he'd gone to sleep on the cabin-floor.

Mr. Long's first movement was to down with the helm, and brace up the yards, and lay the ship close to the wind; and as soon as he had her upon a taut bow line, with every thing set up, he allowed the larboard watch to turn in; and then he went below to consult the chart. He found Drake upon the floor, snoring lustily, and he was careful not to disturb him. When he returned, he came to where a number of us were standing by the weather quarter-rail.

"I don't think there's any danger, boys," he said, "unless Mr. Drake has been making miscalculations before. If we were all right this afternoon we can't have run very far off 'm our course; but I aint sure that his head has been right for the last eight-and-forty hours. Howsumever, we'll hug the wind till daylight, and then we can tell better what to do. Captain Matthews may be able to look into matters by that time."

Our ship was now heading west-south-west, the wind being south, and when we threw the log we found her running off eight knots—a pretty good speed upon a bowline;—but we had a spanking breeze, and the water was not very rough.

By and by the eastern horizon began to assume a greyish tint, and the heavens grew warm in the wake of the coming day.

HARK!

What sound was that?

The men started to their feet and listened.

A low, rumbling sound, like the dying roar of distant thunder, trembled upon the air, and struck terror to the stoutest heart!

Broader and broader grew the arc of light in the east, and the bosom of the ocean began to catch the soft gleams upon the crests of its waves. Wallace Farwell was on the lookout forward. His voice was deep and strong, and while we were listening to the dull roar that trembled in the air, that voice, in tones louder than I had ever heard before from mortal lips, sent up the cry:

"BREAKERS AHEAD!"

Boy that I was, I was cool then when I saw our only able officer blanched with terror; for in a few brief moments the light had increased so fast that the features of the men were distinguishable. As I saw the watch rushing forward I touched the boatswain upon the arm.

"Mr. Long," I said, "if you would save the ship, send the men to their stations; call all hands; and then do you alone keep the lookout forward."

"Thank you, Beck. Do you call all hands, and I will look to the rest."

Then he shouted to the men, if they valued their lives, to jump to the braces, and in a moment more he was upon the bowsprit.

I had no calling of the other watch to do, for Farwell's cry had aroused them as effectually as though a clap of thunder had burst in the forecastle; and by the time the officer had gained his stand upon the bowsprit, every man was on deck and at his station. Captain Matthews had drilled his crew so thoroughly that there was no confusion now. The stations to be assumed when there was danger, unless orders were given to the contrary, were for tacking, and each man knew his place.

The low rumble, that had sounded like dying thunder, had now become a terrific roar, and even from the deck we could see where the dark, jagged masses of rock lifted their awful fronts against the sky. O! how I wished then that Captain Matthews was on deck, or that Mr. Drake was in possession of his senses. Would Jo. Long be cool enough to see what should be done, and to issue the proper orders for doing it? But I was not kept long in suspense. His first order showed that his nerves were steady, and from that moment I trusted him.

"READY ABOUT!" he shouted. He had thought to take the speaking-trumpet, so his voice was distinctly heard.

Our officer saw, looming up in the gray of the morning, a long line of broken rocks, over which the waves broke in mad fury, dashing themselves in pieces, and leaping high into the air. And upon that black, Tartarean shore our ship was being hurled with fearful speed. Should she touch those rocks she was gone, and not a soul on board could live to tell the tale. Mr. Long would have cleared an anchor; and had the cable rove; but he had not time. The ship must be tacked instantly, for those fatal breakers seemed not more than a cable's length from our lee bow.

Every man on the deck knew what must be the result if the ship missed her stays, and the moment they heard the mate's order they went at the work with a will, each cheering the others, and endeavoring to set an example of duty.

"READY! READY!—EASE DOWN THE HELM!"

As these words came through the trumpet the men knew exactly what to do; and at the order "*Helm's a-lee!*" they overhauled the lifts and trusses, and cleared the backstays, paying attention first to their work, and then casting a glance to leeward if they had opportunity.

O! how our hearts ached with apprehension during those few brief moments. Suppose the ship had not headway enough to come up! Suppose some cross-current from the mighty surge should bear her bows back! Noble ships had missed stays before now, and they must do it again.

But, thank Heaven! the old *Naumkeag* did not miss. On she went, sweeping gracefully around in the arc she had struck, and directly the head sails were aback. Just one shout of joy went up from the deck as the noble ship swept swiftly out from her stays, and then the men leaped to the main braces.

"*Mainsail haul!*" shouted the officer, and the yards upon the mainmast came around with a will. They were properly trimmed, and the lifts and trusses hauled taut, and then the happy fellows laid forward to the head braces, and by the time the tack and sheet had been raised the mainsail had caught the wind abaft; and the order was given for swinging the head yards around.

"BELAY ALL!" shouted Long, as he leaped from the station he had taken, and hurried to the taffrail.

Wallace Farwell had just belayed the last bowline when we heard a low, grating sound, and the ship quivered from truck to keelson."

"Look! look! MY GOD!"

It was our boatswain who spoke, and we saw looming up far above our mizzen-top a frowning cliff, with a frightfully jagged front; and as the old ship gathered headway from her sweeping course, the end of the spanker-boom grazed the surface of the foam-lashed rock.

At that moment Jonathan Drake staggered up from the cabin. He saw the rock, with the white foam breaking high upon its bleak sides, he saw the long line of roaring breakers which we were now safely leaving astern; and when he had gazed a few moments, he raised his hands to his face, and sank down like a dead man.

"I am glad he has seen it," said Long, as he called me to assist him in carrying the mate below, "for now he will know how near he came to consigning us all to a fearful death!"

By the time we had got the unfortunate mate to his bunk, and had returned to the deck, the day had fairly broken, and we could plainly see the long line of rocky coast under our stern. As near as we could make out, we were somewhere between the Capes of Recife and St. Francis, and Drake had taken us more than fifty miles from our true course.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LAW STUDENT states the following case which it seems he has not yet gone far enough in his legal studies to master: While at college, in New England, he "met a young lady, not exactly beautiful as to features, but possessing all those noble traits which constitute the true beauty of woman;" the acquaintance ripened into mutual and declared love, but as he was under "a solemn promise" to his father not to enter into a marriage engagement while at college, he gave the young lady sufficient hints [illegible] son he *didn't* "propose" in due form, and went home with the intention of telling his father "all about it" and getting the paternal consent, &c. But on arriving at home he hadn't the courage to speak to his father on the subject; and a "Southern girl" coming to visit his sister soon afterwards, who was his sister's "chosen friend and exceedingly beautiful," he became fascinated by her, proposed, and was accepted. Immediately afterwards he sat down to analyze the real state of his heart, and found that he loved the New England girl devotedly and inalienably—with whom, by the way, he had all the time kept up an "affectionate correspondence"—and his false position (his engagement having become public) occasioning him great misery, he left home and went to a strange city to study law, that he might escape it. He is now corresponding with both young ladies, (who are entirely unaware of each other's existence,) and has come to the conclusion that he must and will speedily give up one or the other of them; and the question is, all things considered, which should it be. This young man has certainly got himself into a woeful scrape. To determine, and especially to perform his duty to each of the young ladies, and also to himself and family, will be no easy task. It is said that a "full confession is good for the soul," and he should begin by making such a confession all 'round, first truthfully stating the case to his mother, and then with her helpful guidance breaking it to such other parties as are entitled to the information. It is not at all likely that the "Southern girl" would think of marrying him, if she knew that he "devotedly and inalienably loved" another and did not love her at all. Such a spirited angel as he describes her to be would scorn the hand of a man whose heart did not go with it.

OBSERVER says: "I was crossing on a ferry-boat from Hoboken the other morning, when a little boy's hat blew off and overboard, and was lost. His mother and a couple of aunts, as I took them to be, were with him; and all began to scold him and threaten him with punishment, and made a great pother, setting the child to crying, and making themselves a general nuisance. It struck me that the child—he was not more than eight or nine years old—was not at all to blame; and I could not help thinking what a blessing it would have been if his mother and aunts could have acted up to the advice which I am *sure* you would have given them could you have been consulted on the matter. What I would like to know is, just what your notions of such a case—that is, how one should act in such an emergency—are." Such an affair as you have described, especially if the parties happen to be so poor that the price of a hat is a serious matter with them, is one of those occurrences which show whether one has lived in vain or not. To be able to do just the right thing under such circumstances would require either rare natural instincts of justice and propriety, or else high cultivation, and perhaps both. The first thing to do would be to soothe the little boy, and make him feel that no one blamed *him* for the accident. In the next place, care should be taken not to render the occurrence a burden to those within ear-shot by an insensate gabbling and whining about it. Soothe the child as quickly as possible, and then say not another word on the subject.

C. T. O.—The judgment of the old miner who has spent seventeen years in the actual work of gold-mining, and has "gone down on" all sorts of veins, would probably be better as to the richness of a mine that has been opened than that of a mining engineer, unless the latter had also *had practical experience in mines and mining*. When a practical judgment on any subject is called for, so much depends on the education of those senses on whose perception the judgment must be based, that it is never safe to trust to "speculative knowledge" in opposition to that which is practical.

E. M. T.—Many years ago, the teeth of the walrus, hippopotamus, moose, &c., were used in the manufacture of artificial teeth, but they are seldom used for such purpose now. In fact, some of our most eminent dentists of the present day would tell you that they never saw an artificial tooth made of such material. The teeth now in use for dental purposes are for the most part made of quartz, feldspar, kaolin, etc., and tinted with mineral oxides. There are large manufactories in the United States, where artificial teeth are turned out by the tens of thousands.

J. N.—Benedict Arnold left a son as well as a wife when he fled from West Point to the British sloop, on learning that André had been captured. The child was an infant, and asleep at the time; and the record is that Arnold stooped and kissed his sleeping boy before he fled. That boy entered the British service, and became a lieutenant-general therein as late as 1853, at which time he was seventy-three years old.

SUBSCRIBER, (Baltimore).—It would not do for you to attempt to "right your own wrongs." Leave that work to the tribunals provided for the purpose by the State. It is time for bowie-knives and revolvers to be laid aside forever by members of civilized society.

A MOTHERLESS DAUGHTER states a case which covers so many others which have recently been submitted to us, that we will publish her letter entire, and answer it for the benefit of the class which she represents. She says: "While on a visit to a distant city, I there made the acquaintance of a young gentleman; he also came from a distant city. We formed a mutual attachment, which finally resulted in an engagement. At length I departed for my home, he promising faithfully to follow in three months, but in a letter deferred it for a few months longer. It is now nearly two years since we parted, and I have received but two letters during that period. In my answer to his last one, I told him my parents wished me to marry a man at home—one I could never love—and that I would not comply, wishing rather to die than prove false to the one I loved so well. My last letter has been returned, and it gave me information he had left his firm. I never heard from him since, save a few passing words from the tongues of strangers, which were that I wasn't the girl he took me to be, and I wasn't as rich as he thought, and he would not marry me. What I wish to ask you is this: whether it would be prudent for me to write to him, or make any inquiries concerning him, for I cannot allow myself to consider that our engagement is at an end, or that one who so faithfully promised to love me, and received my unbounded love, has proved false to me. Since the occurrence of these events death has visited our household, and taken from us a treasure in the person of my mother, one of the few I have loved here on earth. I miss her smiling countenance and her sweet counsels, and I mourn sincerely the loss of the best of my earthly friends. I am very unhappy; though young in years I am old in sorrow. Please answer this soon." The great trouble with this girl, and with her whole class, is a lack of dutifulness, dignity and self-respect. The idea of a girl's chasing about and whining after a wretch who has insulted her for two years, is enough to excite one's disgust. But such conduct is not surprising in a daughter who could so far forget her duty to her parents as to enter into a marriage engagement with a stranger, unbeknown to them, and the result is only a natural retribution for such ungrateful and treacherous conduct. The girl who is true to all her own home duties, and to herself, is seldom, if ever, subjected to such humiliations as "A Motherless Daughter" has set forth in her letter.

ENCUMBRANCE.—If you have stated the truth as to the declarations made by the "conveyancer," so-called, who drew your lease, and "looked into the title of the premises," he is a most pretentious numbskull. Instead of any body of good common sense being able to act as a conveyancer, it actually requires very special and comprehensive legal knowledge to fit a man for that business. In your own case, as stated by yourself, it matters very little what incumbrances are on the farm, as your lease of it is utterly invalid. If you and your "conveyancer" will look at the constitution of this State,—article 1, § 14,—you will find a provision to the effect that no lease or grant of *agricultural* land for a longer period than *twelve* years, in which shall be reserved any rent or service of any kind, shall be valid. Under this constitutional provision, what is your twenty-one-year lease of the farm, "with covenants of renewal," good for? You need not trouble yourself about the incumbrances until you make provision for obtaining a valid lease.

AN UNHAPPY WOMAN accepted an offer of marriage last winter, the fulfillment of which was postponed for a season, and since she thus entered into the engagement she has become acquainted with a man whom she loves, as she says, a great deal better than she does the one that she has promised to marry. "This is a painful situation for a sensitive woman to be placed in," she adds, "and I don't know what to do. If I marry him to whom I am engaged I shall be miserable for life, and make him miserable too. But if I marry the man I love, I shall be happy as long as I live, and make my husband happy also. What would you advise me to do under the circumstances?" You should tell your betrothed just what you have told us, and await the expression of his sentiments on the subject. It is very likely that on his learning what a fickle, variable, unfaithful, shallow heart you have, he will be glad to surrender up all claim on it.

[illegible] should not allow the sneer of "red tape" to lead [illegible] settled forms, when the preparation of documents involving important interests is under consideration. It is better to have a document full of what to inexperienced minds may seem redundant technicalities, but which is absolutely without flaw or seam of legal weakness, than to trust to novel though much briefer forms. The phraseology and forms which have been fought through all the courts, and stood unshaken against the fiercest and most subtle onsets, are guaranties of security and peace; whereas experiments in untried modes, however pleasant to the ear and to unprofessional "common-sense," invite litigation, and are fruitful of future annoyances.

HOSPODAR.—A man certainly has no *moral* right to "pay attentions" to a lady for several years without ever having the least intention of marriage, even though he never says anything which she could construe into a pretence of love. The very fact of a man's selecting out a lady on whom to bestow his company, is not only to her, but also to others, a declaration that he feels an unusual interest in and preference for her society. And it has even been held, in a suit for breach of promise, in the Supreme Court of this State, that such prolonged "attentions" to a lady *implied a marriage engagement*, and afforded sufficient ground for maintaining the action.

INVOLUNTARY DISLIKE.—This correspondent, who is a young lady, says she is subject to the taking of the bitterest dislikes to people, without the slightest cause, and that this trait has been hereditary in her family for two hundred years. She has now taken an unconquerable dislike to her betrothed, which renders his presence not only burdensome but *loathsome* to her, and asks, "What shall I—what *can* I do? If I marry him, I fear that I shall go insane, and yet how can I excuse a breach of my engagement?" You should tell *him*, and also your parents, the exact truth of the case, and have the matter settled by reason and not by sentiment.

INTENDED.—You magnify mole-hills into mountains, but, of course, you can't help it. That is, and in the nature of things must be, the way with every girl who arrives at the dignity of an "intended." A heart that is constantly roasting in Cupid's furnace must necessarily become surpassingly sensitive. But you would do well to remember that the things which seem so important to you are of no consequence to the world at large, and that the lover who is such a tremendous fellow in your estimation, is a very ordinary mortal in the estimation of everybody else except his mother.

ECONOMIST.—So long as a man exercises such husbandry of his means, as that he ensures his friends and society against the chance of himself or family becoming a burden upon them or it, his expenditure of his income or estate is purely a matter of personal judgment and discretion,—a domain into which no outsider has any right to intrude. This being so, it is not for you to question your friend's expenditures, unless he is running such a career as threatens ultimately to throw the burden of his support upon third parties.

EXTRA.—If the young lady is the admirable person that you represent her to be, the fact that her parentage is unknown should not stand in the way of your marrying her, considering the great respectability of the family that has brought her up. It may be that she is the lost child of some princely family. Such a lovely, Christian girl as you describe, could not very well be of ignoble or vile lineage.

⁂ Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.

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